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THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

BY H. J. M.

Oh, for the days, the joyous days,
The days when I was young;
When in mine ear Health's blessed voice
A heavenly anthem sung;
When nought of sorrow, nought of strife,
Had marr'd the pageant gay,
That swept the golden plains of life
With banners bright as day.

I loved a love then sweeter far
Than any now I see;
Her brow was like the morning star,
Her step was light and free.
But she is dead! about her bed
The wild winds careless play;
And all in vain I strive to gain
The peace that's pass'd away.

Soft are the shadows in the wood—
Sweet are its blossoms fair;
I love the fields—the dew that yields
Its freshness to the air.
But 'mid them all there is a voice
That I alone can hear:
In sorrow's tones it sighs, it moans,
Of blossoms dead and sere.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

LORD HAMPSHIRE looked down into the kindly depths of Lady Montrose's once beautiful eyes.

"I will speak to her this very day," he said swiftly, hope making music in every word. "I will tell her of my love. I will ask her to try to love me in return. I will ask her to let me share her life—to let me give her comfort now in her present sorrow and happiness in the years that stretch beyond. Yes—you are right; I must think of her always, I must not think only of myself. I was very near to doing her wrong, but I did not do it, and for the sin of that mistake my love shall atone. Give me your hand, kind friend! Thank you for your goodness—thank you! Ah, I shall not forget what you have done! I shall not forget how you have lifted me from the grave of desolation and sorrow to a very heaven of hope! No," the young man cried, fast losing himself in the intoxication of sudden gladness that overcame him—"I will have something better than your hand, Lady Montrose. I will imagine myself in reality the boy you call me; and so"—he bent his head to hers—"I take a boy's liberty and steal a kiss!"

"You are a monster of impertinence!" Lady Montrose rejoined; but she did not refuse his embrace—instead, she returned it; and then she sighed. "And now I think I will go and interview the breakfast-table. I hope everything has not been cleared away; I am as hungry as a dozen hunters! You must take me back to the house, George. There is a wasp waiting for me! Look—can't you see it buzzing like a steam-engine? I hit it away with my sunshade just now! I have always heard that wasps, like elephants, are most vindictive. No doubt that wretch will pay me out at the first chance he gets!"

"Take my arm," said Hampshire, laughing; "I will protect you with my life and my handkerchief."

"Perhaps you will come and share some breakfast with me also?"

But he shook his head at this.

"I must make my way back to the inn to tell them I am not leaving, after all. I gave my orders to be ready to start for town at 10.30 punctually, en route for goodness knows where. I don't think I cared where I was going. I only knew I was turning my back upon everything that meant sweetness and happiness and peace in my life. That was enough for me."

Lady Montrose glanced up at his handsome face as he said this, not lightly, but gravely, and with a sound of the past night's sorrow and hopelessness in the words.

"Well, that is over now, and the future lies clear and bright ahead. You are certain you won't come and have some breakfast? I feel confident you have not tasted food these many hours. No? Well, then be sure you get a good meal at your village inn; for, though love is very sweet, it is not very sustaining, you know."

They shook hands and parted, and at the door Lady Montrose stood for a moment looking after him as he strode down the avenue. There was an air of general satisfaction and complacency about her as she went to seek her long-delayed breakfast. She was conscious of real pleasure in having worked matters so well; and indeed for once the claims of herself and her daughter, and all that appertained to her selfish, busy, extravagant and impoverished existence, were put on one side to give place to the sincere gladness that the thought of the happiness of these two young people aroused within her. Now that she was fully assured of the situation, she was determined to carry matters through most completely.

"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb!" she said to herself, as she attacked the good things Meadows put before her, her mind reverting to Cynthia and the anger she was sure her niece would visit upon her. "She was too quick in imagining I should be glad to do any disagreeable duty for her! And, after all, what have I done? I was sent to take care of Jane. Well"—with a laugh—"I am taking care of Jane—I doing my best to take care of her! If Cynthia objects to my method, she should have chosen some one else to do her dirty work. I made no compact, gave no promise of any sort—except that I would communicate Lady Ludlowe's wishes to Mrs. Winter; and that I can and will do without delay," Lady Montrose added quickly. "I will tell Jane what Cynthia said on this point, and the girl shall speak to Mrs. Winter. I hate having to say disagreeable things to anybody, and I don't want to hurt that good creature's feelings! It will come softer from Jane. And, after all, it will be only a temporary dismissal. Once Jane belongs to her husband, she will be able to see her old friends when she likes."

As Lady Montrose mounted the stairs very slowly after her breakfast was finished, she determined she would not write to her niece till the following day.

"And by then I shall be able to let her see how promptly her instructions have been carried out," she said to herself, with a laugh at her own duplicity. "She shall not reproach me with not having done what I said I would do. For the rest, I must prepare myself for whatever may come. It is sure to be pretty bad; but circumstances are not what they were. I can afford to snap my fingers at Cynthia and her anger. One thing is very certain"—as she reached her room and sank with a sigh of relief into a cosy chair—"and that is that, if Cynthia will be furious at this marriage, my Lucy will be just as delighted; and anything that will give Lucy pleasure and me some peace is worth getting at almost any price!"

And at this juncture, absolutely tired out with her exertions, Lady Montrose reclined back in her chair, and was soon lost in a deep and dreamless slumber.

* * * * * *

Meadows stood before Jane in a hesitating way. He had just assisted in the task of wheeling the invalid's couch from the house across the lawn; he had helped to draw it under the shade of the trees, and he had put Jane's chair close beside the couch. The girl was sitting in the chair now, and the old servant was looking at her wistfully, tenderly, regretfully. He waited till the trained attendant had gone away before he spoke.

"Deed but, Miss Jane, my dear, you didn't ought to be out here. You look fair done—that you do! I'm sure the poor master 'ud fret hisself tremendous if he could just see you as you is to-day. Let me stay along of him for this afternoon, miss—do, my dear! You'll go and get right down ill; and then——" Meadows broke off and turned away sharply, pretending to rearrange the coverlet above the poor dumb half-dead man.

Jane looked at him in a dull sort of way; his pathetic tenderness did not touch her as it generally did. She was too ill to respond to the sympathy of this faithful old friend. She was not in pain now, but she had suffered acutely all through the night, and could hardly have described the nature of the strange pain that had mastered her. It had seemed to grip her heart and crush out her life, to have put a band like iron round her aching throat and throbbing temples. She had sat in one attitude for hours.

When the morning light had come in through the open windows with a rosy flush and a soft cool scented breeze, she had almost fainted as she staggered to her feet. She was stiff in every limb and cold as ice. Even the eagerness, the courage, the love that had sustained her so well through the past months of anxiety seemed to fail her now for the first time. Jane felt as if she had received a great blow, and was compelled to sit apart and let her dazed senses return to her by slow degrees.

She recovered herself by an effort when she found that her wan white face was attracting comment; but the effort was only enough to carry her through such duties as she usually performed in the morning. Later on Lady Montrose sent for her, and in a few gentle words told her of Cynthia's command regarding Mrs. Winter and her visits to Carno Court.

"I thought, my love, you would prefer to tell your friend in your own way," Lady Montrose said, and then she made haste to add affectionately, "But, Jane, my dear, you are looking very ill. Are you wise to do so much? You are like a ghost! You ought to be in bed."

"I have a headache," the girl answered, in a dull way, as if she were repeating a lesson. "I—I often have these headaches. Thank you very much, Lady Montrose; you are always kind to me! I will tell Summer at once. She must not come here any more."

She went away slowly, leaving Lady Montrose troubled and unhappy.

"She looks half dead, poor child! What is it? Is it all her father, or is it to do with Hampshire? Oh, I hope it may be that, for then he will be the best doctor she can possibly have! Oh, poor little Jane! God grant you may be happy! You are an angel, my dear, if ever there was one!"

Jane Ludlowe was too young, too ignorant of worldly knowledge to gauge the truth of this last blight that had fallen upon her; she was conscious only of an overwhelming grief. A great gulf seemed to be set between herself as she was now and herself of the past three days.

Strangely enough, she counted her past only by these three days; it was to her as though life in its real significance had come to her only then, as though the full sweetness and joy of living had never reached her until that moment when she had raised her eyes and seen that tall handsome form coming across the grass to greet her, to send a swift radiant sunbeam of unaccountable joy through the sombre sadness of her heart. And she had accepted this happiness without question. She neither understood it nor reasoned with it, but clung to it as a child clings to a loving hand, conscious that while it was here the world and all its changes might surround her and yet she would have no fear. Then suddenly the end had come—a terrible sorrowful end, a farewell to that strange sweet happiness. The misty gleaming of the night before had seemed to come up stealthily, swiftly, and that brilliant sunshine of gladness and joy was blotted out for ever.

Meadows was greatly distressed about her, for she was very dear to him. He tried in vain to urge her to let him take her place. Jane would not move. She sat leaning back in her chair, her face whiter than it had ever been. Meadows stood looking down at her helplessly; and her two dogs shared his uneasiness. The faithful animals did not know their young mistress in this guise; never before had she let so many hours go without a word of tenderness or a caressing touch.

The old servant went away at last, his heart sore and very bitter, for the last mandate about Mrs. Winter had just reached him. Had Lady Ludlowe been present, he would have freely expressed his opinion to her.

"Confound her!" he said savagely between his teeth. "We was so happy before she come along! My dear never had a pain or a shadow upon her; and now—"

Meadows, walking across the lawn with his head bent, became suddenly conscious that he had run against another person advancing in the opposite direction.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, my lord," he said, "but I weren't looking where I were going! I'm that troubled about Miss Jane! I've been trying to get her to come indoors and take some rest, but I can't move her nohow. She looks like dying right off; I've never seen her so bad."

Hampshire's heart seemed to stop beating.

"She—she is ill?" he exclaimed, in a whisper.

"Ill," Meadows cried—"ill! Why, her heart's just broke; and most of it all along o' that fine lady yonder! Ah, my lord, I could bring myself easy to curse the day and hour as my poor master into her hands! It has been one long sorrow for my dear miss ever since; and she who used to be so happy——"

"And happy she shall be again!" the young man declared hurriedly, passionately. He scarcely knew what he said.

He left Meadows looking after him in some astonishment and went swiftly across the lawn. The servants bitter words had given him testimony to the truth of Lady Montrose's arguments; but he needed none now; he had no thought in his mind but of Jane.

She was sitting very still; her eyes were closed; her beautiful young face had a deathly expression set on its white young loveliness. He ran towards her, crying her name aloud in his sudden anguish.

"Jane, Jane! My love, my life, my heart, my very soul!"

The words escaped him unconsciously. He reached her side and bent over her, taking her small hands in his. How cold they were! A sudden horrible fear thrilled him from head to foot, the hands he held moved faintly, her lips parted, her eyes

unclosed, and she looked up at him.

He raised her slowly from the chair and drew her to his breast.

"My love, I have come back! I could not leave you; I cannot live without you! Jane, you are glad? Oh, answer me, my heart, and tell me that you are glad, and that you love me!"

The girl stood trembling in the clasp of his strong arms. She looked up at him with eyes that were bewildered, yet most beautiful, brilliant; her lips quivered nervously; she could not speak. The suddenness of the reaction was almost painful. She felt no longer dull; she felt acutely alive. The agony of the past night and the intensity of the present joy threatened to overwhelm her; but speech at last came to her aid.

"Oh, I am glad—I am glad!" she cried, with all the abandon of a child. "How can you ask it? Did you not know that it was death to me when you went away last night? Oh"—she clung to him now so passionately that he could feel the tempestuous beating of her heart against his own—"oh, don't leave me again!" she pleaded. "I cannot bear it. I—I don't know what has come to me. I can bear anything else—at least, I shall try to be brave and bear it all, even the very worst—but you—you—if you go——"

She broke off and hid her face against his breast; she had no more strength, no more eloquence; and, as he held her clasped tightly in his arms, she could find no more words to express what she felt—she could only sob as if her heart were breaking.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. DENISTOUN made very slow progress towards recovery. A fortnight passed before she was able to sit up for a little while in her bed, and it would be quite another fortnight before her daughter could think of making any arrangements for moving her. The doctors recommended Lady Ludlowe to give her mother the benefit of sea-air when she was eventually well enough to be moved. Carno Court was of course a beautiful place, and the neighborhood about it was justly considered extremely healthy; but Mrs. Denistoun's condition demanded a more bracing air, when the breeze from the sea would be the best topic possible to her enfeebled constitution. Lady Ludlowe accepted the doctor's opinion quietly, and determined that their advice should be carried out.

"You will not mind, mamma; if I arrange for aunt Susan to go with you to the seaside in my place?" she said to her mother one day. "I feel, if you can spare me, I ought to go to Carno."

Her mother hastened to assure her that such an arrangement was the best that could be made.

"You are right, my darling," she said; "I am only grieved that you have been kept so long away from your husband;" and then Mrs. Denistoun paused and the color came into her thin face. "I think, Cynthia, my dearest, if you don't mind my saying so, that it would be better for you to—to be more at Carno this autumn than you have been lately. It seems as though you——"

Cynthia interrupted her shortly.

"Don't trouble yourself to go on, mamma; I know all you want to say, I will give you the satisfaction of knowing that I mean to devote myself to my duty this autumn most assiduously."

Mrs. Denistoun winced, as she always did at her daughter's hard sneering manner.

"You must forgive me, dear," she said gently. Then, after a pause, she added, "I cannot help thinking of poor Sir Richard; he has been very good to us, Cynthia. Think of what we are and what we were!"

Cynthia moved impatiently about the room. She had gone through several mental phases in the past fortnight. First she seemed to be in a feverish condition; then had followed a period of impatience at her own susceptibility; now a lassitude had fallen upon her which was almost an illness. The heat and the close confinement to her mother's sick room had a good deal to do with this; but it arose also from the reaction caused by a rumor which reached her that Hampshire had gone abroad for a long time. The news of his supposed departure was conveyed to Cynthia through the medium of the society journals immediately after she had despatched Montrose to Carno. The newspapers printed the information in perfect good faith, and, as it was not contradicted, and as Cynthia never caught a glimpse of him in her daily drive round the Park, she felt assured that the report was true.

She was conscious of a sense of relief; but the feeling of bitterness did not pass away. The thrust he had made at her might have been merely a chance one, but it was none the less sharp, and Cynthia felt it would be a long time before she would recover from the effect of it. She was a little impatient with herself for having given him the satisfaction of seeing how the very mention of Jane Ludlowe's name had the power to alarm and annoy her; but her real anger was not for herself, nor for him, but for Jane, and for Jane alone.

Her dislike for the girl, her jealousy, her desire to subdue her husband's child had become a mania with her. During the long dull hours when she sat with her mother her mind was always occupied with this theme. She was determined on one point now, and that was that, when circumstances permitted her to return to Carno, she would quickly demonstrate to Jane that things were to be thoroughly changed. She would renounce society again. She had found sweetness in her success; but the bitterness had overshadowed the sweetness, and her triumph had been spoiled by her husband's collapse and the revival of her old love. She felt wearied and out of tune; the glitter of her jewels seemed poor; her wealth had lost its charm. The brief delirium of hope and joy that had swept into her heart during the past few months was dead for ever. Nothing was left to her but the thought of her coming power and uncontrolled authority over Jane. She had never imagined that she could have become so dominated by any one passion.

Her love for the man she had denied so cruelly, so coldly, would never die out of her heart, and her jealous hatred for the girl whom she was compelled to recognize as her superior had developed into an overmastering passion. She had always imagined herself to be a pessimist, a being too languid and indifferent to everything except the miseries of poverty to care much what happened to anybody; but she knew the contrary now. She realized that she was a passionate, revengeful, vindictive woman; and the knowledge was not without its bitterness to her, for she felt, when face to face with this true version of herself, how utterly lost to her was all chance of finding real satisfaction in the position she had obtained at the cost of honor and loyalty.

News from Carno reached her every day, though it frequently only took the form of the bulletin sent by Sir Richard's medical attendant. Lady Montrose had written soon after her arrival there; but, beyond stating that Mrs. Winter had at once obeyed the command sent by Lady Ludlowe, there was nothing more said about Carno or its inhabitants. The name of Jane was not even mentioned. Lady Montrose was an accomplished letter-writer, and she could fill pages with chit-chat gossip.

Lady Ludlowe tossed aside the letter with the contempt and distrust she always felt for her aunt. She sincerely regretted that she had sent Lady Montrose to Carno as her deputy, not because she had the slightest doubt as to what might be happening there, but because she felt, in having done this, she had made a tacit confession to her aunt.

Lady Montrose was the last person in the world whom she desired should even guess at the truth of the past or understand the state of affairs between Lord Hampshire and herself. She had an unpleasant conviction that her aunt must have gathered something of the truth on that memorable night at the ball, but she was very far from imagining how much the shrewd sharp-witted woman had discovered.

Had Cynthia had even the faintest idea of what was passing at Carno Court, she would not have sat so quietly absorbed in her miserable thoughts beside her mother's bed.

The impatience that had seized her at first died away as the days passed by. She tended her mother so carefully that she brought tears to the eyes of the gentle delicate woman by the faithfulness of her ministrations. Yet Mrs. Denistoun did not deceive herself. It was not love or any great outburst of filial tenderness that prompted these ministrations; it was a sense of duty only; and Cynthia had always been religiously dutiful to her mother.

Her beauty was enhanced by the subdued half-delicate expression that was written on every feature. Her lovely face was now becoming well known to the London world, and she attracted every eye as she was driven through the streets in her princely carriage. This sovereignty of her beauty could not fail to give some satisfaction to her vain soul, but at the same time it recalled the bitter fact that, though all the world acknowledged her Lord Hampshire alone denied and despised it.

She had no friends; most women were jealous of her; the more intellectual were amazed at her lack of knowledge; the sympathetic were chilled by her coldness and hauteur. The men did homage to her beauty; but the charm possessed by others far less favored in face and form—the charm that men find so captivating—was something that Cynthia Ludlowe would never have. And she knew it.

She also knew that, of all women she had yet met, none were more richly endowed with this indefinite yet all-powerful influence than her step-daughter Jane Ludlowe.

It was this knowledge that made Cynthia feel so embittered against the girl, and brought about such an access of fear when Lord Hampshire's interest in Jane was manifested so abruptly yet so surely. Sometimes Cynthia, being misled by the reports of his absence, wondered why he had not followed up his advantage more swiftly, why he had not taken means to work the revenge he desired.

She could not quite understand his movements. Most assuredly he had gauged her feelings towards Jane. He had within his hand a weapon wherewith to strike her the worst of all blows; yet he had turned deliberately away from this opportunity and, instead of following up his advantage, had gone abroad. What did this mean? Did he intend to let her remain in peace? Was it an access of contempt or a revulsion of feeling that had made him go? Cynthia, remembering him as he used to be, found a solution for this problem.

"He would harm me perhaps, but he would not harm her," she said to herself, recalling the former nobility of his nature. "He is changed where I am concerned, but he would call it a dishonor to drag her, or any other woman, into his life simply to be revenged upon me."

She was always quick to recognize the good in others, and she now found intense relief in judging her old lover by that high standard of morality which he had always held so dear.

"He has gone abroad because of this," she decided, with a sigh of gladness. She could bear his marriage with another almost calmly, but marriage with Jane Ludlowe—— The very thought of it made her grow faint.

"I should not be able to bear it," she said to herself again and again sullenly between her teeth. "But that is over; there is no more fear. He is gone; and in a little while—a few months more perhaps—death will come to Carno. I shall be free, and I shall be mistress of Jane. After that, I need trouble over this remote chance no more."

So she strove to assuage the restless misery of her heart, while the moment was drawing nearer when she was to realize the futility of her speculations and to acknowledge herself beaten absolutely by the iron hand of fate.

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Jane lived in a land of dreams; everything was strange and bewilding since that moment when she had raised her eyes and seen Lord Hampshire standing before her once again. She had not been able to think coherently, her brain seemed to whirl, the hours seemed to fly on golden wings.

To crown this strange incomprehensible happiness, her father had shown a faint touch of improvement; his heart was not so feeble as it had been, there had come now and then a flicker of movement in his paralyzed limbs; and Jane had experienced a sudden joy as she bent over the pale wasted face and seemed to read a reflection of her own great gladness in the invalid's eyes.

She had gone back to him as speedily as she could after that wonderful happiness had come to her; she had knelt beside him and laid her flushed young face upon his cold numb hand. She had whispered her secret to him in tender shy broken words; she had tried to open her heart and let the glory of its youth and love and life fall upon him, bathing him in its radiant sunshine, and giving a touch of hope and possible health to his wasted frame. She had carried his poor hands to her soft warm lips, covering them with kisses and pressing them against her closed eyes.

"Oh, daddy dear, you will get better now, you will hear all about my happiness—your little Jane's happiness—and you will share it with her? You will get better now, darling, will you not? It will never be real happiness without you to share it, to give me your blessing!"

This was her one regret, this thought that he could not share her happiness. She did not tell this secret to the man who loved her, but he was quick to read it in her eyes, quick to fathom this sorrowful longing. They sat together beside the sick man in the hours that followed; her duty was his duty now, her devotion roused a similar tenderness in his heart. It was a delight to him to note the change that had come over her since she had given herself to him; it was an unspeakable comfort to feel that he had the power to lift her out of the valley of sorrow and mental pain in which she had wandered so long. But her words of gratitude hurt him. He checked them instantly.

"Hush," he said hurriedly—"you owe me nothing! You have given me so much—more than I deserve! Never speak of gratitude again, my dearest!"

His voice was tremulous, and she looked startled as she listened to it. He at once changed his tone; bending towards her, he took her hand.

"Love me always!" he whispered softly. "Give me always your precious trust, your unfailing faith! Believe in me, help me to be worthy of you—to be worthy of the great happiness you have given me!"

Jane looked at him with radiant eyes—though her tears were very near the surface—and there was a lovely tint in her cheeks.

"Oh, my dear love," she said, with that thrill of unconscious passion in her voice which made his heart beat so quickly, "I could never—never fail you, never doubt you! How would it be possible? Love is faith, and, oh, I love you—I love you!"

He held her hand a little longer, and presently he raised his eyes to hers.

"You could not do without me, then?" he whispered half lightly, half earnestly.

She did not answer in words, but his eyes, looking into hers, saw the anguish the mere suggestion of such a thing could cause. He was far from being doubtful, but it was a consolation to be assured again and again that he was so much to her, so very necessary. He was eager that all should be as her delicate pride and dignity demanded. He knew the full value of the wisdom that Lady Montrose urged, but he was determined not to be actuated by it. His own intense desire was to make her his wife as quickly as possible, to bind her to his side so that none might rob him of her; but his own wishes must give place to hers: and he did not know how far she would understand the advice tendered by Lady Montrose, or how the suggestion of so hurried a marriage would touch her.

She was so young, so unversed in the ways of the world, he felt she would see nothing strange or unconventional in it; but there was more than convention to be considered. There was her duty first, before all. He had won her heart in all its freshness and innocence; but the old love of her childhood was there still. He could not put himself before this poor dying man. He desired to help her, to comfort her, not to distress her young mind with a sense of divided duty, a trouble, or a doubt.

And yet, despite this tender unselfishness, despite the tide of generous thought that had replaced his revengeful anger for Cynthia, he felt that he could not be absolutely sure of his little love until the blessing of the Church and the strong bonds of the law had made her his in deed and in truth. Against all the hope that this love had brought he could not but see what Lady Montrose saw—that Sir Richard's days on earth were slowly but surely drawing to a close. That faint flicker of reviving life that had taken place on the day that was to little Jane the day of all days in her life had died away again, and, to Lord Hampshire's eyes, the poor drawn face seemed almost gray and set in approaching death.

He wished that he could have put his arms about the slender girlish figure and carried her far away from the terrible scene that might occur now at any moment. But Jane's hope had not given way so quickly; she was blinded to the change that was so clear to her lover. She was so happy in the thought that her "daddy" was better on this very occasion when she had such a wistful desire that he should be well enough to share her happiness that for a time her fear and sorrow departed.

The more the heart of the young man yearned to draw his treasure into the safe keeping of his own hands the more surely did the conviction of this coming death assert itself, and the more difficult did the task grow of approaching the girl on the subject of their speedy marriage.

He did not know what argument to use. He shrank from bringing Cynthia forward in such a manner as to make her assume an almost monstrous character; he shrank from drawing Jane away from her allegiance to her dying father. She must not know—at least, not yet—the full truth of the reason for this hurried marriage.

There would always be the chance that her fresh young heart might be riven by conjecturing that which she could not fully understand, and he was so eager that no shadow should fall upon her new content that he resolved to be silent, to stand aside and hope for the best and that things might settle in a way that at present seemed impossible. Lady Montrose however did not agree with this view in the very least.

"If you will not speak, I will!" she said to him sharply, when two days had gone and the marriage remained undiscussed. "Oh, don't be afraid! I shall be very careful, but I think I shall be able to manage this matter."

She sent for Jane to came to her in the library, and in a few straightforward but sensible words she put the state of affairs before the girl, especially emphasising that part which concerned her future alone with Cynthia.

"Have you ever thought what your life will be in those days?" Lady Montrose queried, in her brisk fashion. "It is of no use mincing matters, Jane; the truth is unpleasant, but it is always the best. Your step-mother has no liking for you—and you know that better than any one can tell you. What sort of an existence do you imagine you will lead when you are left in her sole charge?"

Jane stood looking at Lady Montrose. She had grown as white as the gown she wore and her hands were clasped tightly together. It was not fear of her own share in this future that oppressed her; it was the sudden destruction of the hope that had given her such joy during these past two days; it was the thought of that terrible parting between herself and her father that blanched her cheeks and made her heart cold. The older woman, looking up at her, was distressed at the expression on the young face. She hastened to administer comfort. She told Jane that there was no need of fear now, no need of dreading that—that the means of averting all further unhappiness and misunderstanding were close to her hand—in short, she put forward the proposed marriage and urged its taking place immediately.

"Once you are Hampshire's wife," she said cheerily, "you are safe, my dear."

Jane shivered. She did not answer at once, and, when she did speak, her voice was heavy with sorrow.

"I—I am not thinking of myself, Lady Montrose," she said pathetically; "I am thinking of my poor daddy." Then she broke down utterly, with a low cry, and hid her face in her hands. "And I thought he was so much better! I hoped he might even get well; he has looked so different, he has seemed to understand a little! I have tried to let him know, to let him share. Oh, daddy dear, must I lose you as soon? Stay with me a little longer, dear—only a little! I want to do so much for you; I want to give you some of my happiness!"

Lady Montrose rose hastily from her chair. It was very absurd of course, but she felt that the tears were rising in her eyes and that a pain was contracting her heart. She put her hands tenderly upon the girl's bowed head.

"My dear, dear Jane," she said, hastening to give consolation, "you must dry your eyes and cheer up, for indeed there is no need to grieve in this way. I am sorry to have alarmed you. Indeed it is possible the future about which I have spoken may be very, very far distant, for it has seemed to me, as it has to you, that poor Sir Richard has had a turn for the better during the past two days. And I have my own opinion on this matter. I believe that your father has understood, Jane dear, and that it is his delight at your happiness that has worked this improvement. Ah," cried the astute woman of the world, for Jane suddenly raised her face and a rush of color spread over her pale tear-stained cheeks—"ah, now you look different—something like what a pretty Jane ought to look like!"

Jane seized Lady Montrose's hands and held them to her heart.

"Oh, you—you don't know what help you give me when you speak like this!" she said earnestly, almost breathlessly. "But you mean it truly, do you not? You are saying it just—just to comfort me? You think he does understand? You think he is happy because I am happy, dear Lady Montrose? You do think this, do you not? Oh, tell me you really think it!"

Lady Montrose was enchanted at her own cleverness. She saw that she should succeed now immediately where a few minutes since she had seen no possibility of such success. She had instantly followed up her advantage. She impressed upon Jane the fact that she had only said what she felt was quite true. She reiterated her former words, and she ended by assuring Jane that, if she desired to give her father great happiness and peace, she would agree to become Lord Hampshire's wife as soon as possible—indeed within the next few days. This last suggestion was a veritable triumph.

"And, apart from all this, Jane, will it not give you greater happiness to feel that your father's blessing is with you on the day of your marriage, that his eyes, if not his lips, will speak it, and that he will be with you to share such an eventful day? It seems to me you can have no hesitation in deciding when you think of this."

The girl did not speak immediately; but it was not doubt or uncertainty that held her silent now. The color had deepened in her cheeks and her head was bent; she had drawn her hands away from Lady Montrose, and they were lying clasped in her lap.

"I should be glad," she said at last, conquering her shyness; "it would be so—so much happier with daddy to help me, to bless me; but——" She broke off abruptly.

"But you mean George has not spoken to you?" cried Lady Montrose. "My dear, that is because he loves you so much he has determined not to be selfish; but, if you have any doubt as to his wishes, he shall set it at rest himself. Here he is coming across the lawn. George, George!" Lady Montrose went to the long window and beckoned to the young man to enter. "George, you are just in time. I have been telling our little Jane that you are anxious for a wedding as soon as possible, and she actually will not believe me unless you confirm this statement. There—I will leave you alone altogether; I must go and write a score of letters at least, so the sooner I begin the better!"—and, laughing with triumphant cheeriness, Lady Montrose hurried out of the room and closed the door upon the two lovers.

* * * * * *

A week later Jane Ludlowe and Lord Hampshire were married. Jane wore one of her pretty white frocks and walked through the grounds to the small village church where she had worshipped each Sunday in her simple happy childhood. Mrs. Winter walked with her. Lady Montrose avoided the ceremony; she preferred to stay at the Court and receive the wedding-party on their return from the church, considerately resigning the girl at this moment to the woman who had trained her for so many years and who had almost a mother's place in Jane's heart.

Robert Winter came over to read the marriage-service. Jane had desired it, and the Earl was only too eager to gratify any of her shy simple wishes. He himself had gone to Massingtown to put the matter before the young clergyman and to announce to Mrs. Winter the news of the change that was about to take place in her child's life.

"You must go to Summer—you must make her love you!" Jane had said to him softly. "You will bring her back with you, George! I could not be married without Summer!"—and then she had touched his hand tenderly. "You must not be afraid; Summer will love you now; she—she could not help herself!"

And indeed it was not difficult for Mrs. Winter to forget her first harsh and severe judgment when the young man showed himself to her in his real guise. She did not doubt him, she was assured of his love; nevertheless she did not approve altogether of this hurried marriage.

"Jane is so young—such a child," she said; "it seems incomprehensible to me that she should be a wife so soon; and then you know so little of each other."

But her fears were not shared by her son.

"It is the best thing that could happen to Jane," declared Robert Winter; "she needs love and care and sympathy; all these she will get from her husband. He loves her with all his heart, mother. And, then, remember he secures her from a most miserable life. I can conceive no state more unhappy than poor little Jane's would be with her father dead and she left to the care of Lady Ludlowe."

After a quiet earnest talk with Lord Hampshire, Mrs. Winter's doubts and fears grew less. It was impossible not to like the young man, and, when he spoke with much regret of the first wrong impression he had tried to give her of himself, she readily forgave him, and delighted Jane by the loving letter she sent by him, in which she had nothing but praise and admiration for the young man who was to be her "baby's" husband.

So all went smoothly. One thing alone distressed Hampshire. This was the feeling that, though everything was being done outwardly and openly, there was an atmosphere of secrecy about the marriage. He knew he was not bound to acquaint Lady Ludlowe with his actions; he knew also that Jane owed no duty to her father's wife; still he would have preferred to announce boldly to Cynthia the news of the marriage that was to take place so quickly. The sensation of being in a false position with regard to her hurt him keenly. He knew that her first thought on learning the news would be that he had triumphed over her and that his revenge was complete. Now, with his heart purified of all that past unworthiness, with his love for Jane raising him higher and higher in thought and motive, he could not be quite happy with the knowledge that such a misinterpretation of the truth should dawn in Cynthia's mind. It was to him a humiliation to the sweet innocent child who was so soon to be his wife—it was the one and only shadow that hung over the horizon of his happiness. He thought anxiously about the matter, but could not decide how to act, for he was imbued with Lady Montrose's idea that Cynthia, if warned of his intentions, might in some way or other exercise an evil influence over Jane, and so start the beginning of a new sorrow for the girl and much misery for himself. In his trouble he suddenly thought of Robert Winter, and determined to put the matter before the young clergyman and ask his advice.

The Winters arranged to come to the village outside Carno on the Saturday before the wedding, and consequently Lord Hampshire had plenty of opportunity for taking Robert Winter into his confidence. It was not long before he had told all his story, leaving nothing unsaid and offering no excuse for his own conduct.

Robert Winter listened in grave silence.

"One word only, Lord Hampshire," he said, when he spoke—"one word only before I venture to offer my advice. You must forgive me if I hurt you—my affection for Jane Ludlowe must be my excuse."

"You are forgiven beforehand," declared the Earl, with a faint smile; but his face turned pale, for he knew what was coming.

Robert Winter thanked him and was silent again; then, looking Hampshire straight in the face, he said—

"Are you quite assured in your own heart that this bitterness, this longing for revenge is absolutely dead?"

"I am quite assured of it," the Earl answered very quietly.

"Equally are you assured that the revulsion of feeling that Jane's influence has brought upon you is sincere and sure? Are you quite certain, Lord Hampshire, that the love you once bore for Lady Ludlowe is utterly gone? Are you quite sure that your love for Jane is indeed the love that should be given her?"

The Earl stretched out his hand, and the clergyman grasped it.

"You probe deeply, Winter," he said, when he spoke, "but you are right to do so. I desire nothing so much as to let you know the innocent truth of my heart; and it is only natural that, after the confession of weakness and wrong-doing that I have made, you should have a little doubt of my stability, if not of my integrity." He paused a moment, and then, withdrawing his hand, went on quietly, the sound of his voice alone betraying his emotion. "With the death of my most unworthy desire for revenge has died all that belonged to the past. You must not call me fickle or forgetful; you must remember how cruelly I was deceived, how sharply I was awakened. I loved Cynthia Denistoun devotedly. I gave her the best affection a man's heart could give; but I was worshipping a myth—a dream-woman—a creature who existed only in my own imagination, a being who was far, very far above and apart from Cynthia, beautiful as she was and is. When she woke me out of my dream, when I knew the truth, when she showed me with her own hands how poor, how selfish, how mean a nature she possessed, my love went from her absolutely. I do not hate her now as I did all through the year that has gone. It was a miserable sort of madness that came upon me; it was not natural to me. Even when this angry hate was hottest in my heart, I felt that it was despicable. I think indeed it was the knowledge of the change her disloyalty and selfishness worked in me that made me so bitter. She did such a cruel thing, Winter, and it was done so coldly and premeditatedly, with such absolute selfishness!" He checked himself and paused a moment before going on very quietly, his tone most convincing in its grave earnestness. "She has no power to touch any feeling now, save perhaps my pity. She has no beauty to me. She is as repellent as she once was attractive. You need not fear for me now, nor at any time. As for——"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

In Persia.—Mourners at Persian funerals are furnished with little wads of cotton with which to wipe away their tears. The tears are then preserved, and are supposed to contain restorative qualities in case of fainting.

Lawyer and Client.—The first plea made by a lawyer for a client is said to have been made in the year 789, when Ethelbard, a hunter of stags, was charged with claiming the quarry of a rival, which, it was proven, had fallen by the rival's crossbow. The advocate asserted that the accused had refused to pay protection money to the keeper of the forest, hence the prosecution.

Japanese Pipes.—The Japanese smoke in a peculiar manner. The pipes have small metal bowls, with bamboo stems and metal mouthpiece, and only hold enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They use a tobacco which is cut extremely fine, and looks more like light blond hair than anything else. It is of a very good quality, however. The Japs take a whiff of smoke and inhale it, letting it pass out through the nostrils. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time.

Gounod's Lesson in Modesty.—Gounod, the great musician who died a few months ago, was once waited upon by a young poet anxious for guidance in some work on which he was engaged at the time. Advice was generously given, and then, struck perhaps by his friend's demeanor, Gounod told him that as he grew in his art he could judge of the masters of the past as he (Gounod) now judged of the famous composers of former days. "At your age," Gounod proceeded, "I used to say 'I'; at twenty-five I said 'I and Mozart'; at forty 'Mozart and I.' Now I say 'Mozart.'"

How the Ants Beat the Snake.—When the ants are on the war-path they march through the forests of tropical countries in countless numbers. Nothing can stay their onward progress. During one of these marches in Honduras, the advance guard of the army came upon a snake that had not got away in time, as most animals try to do. So the snake showed fight. With every switch of its tail it killed scores of its insect foes, but still the swarms of ants poured on, all fiercely attacking the enemy. By-and-by the struggles of the snake grew fainter, until at last, exhausted by the one-sided combat, the serpent perished under the overwhelming assault of its innumerable adversaries.

Who is the Patron Saint of Shoemakers?—In the third century Crispin and his brother Crispian, members of a noble Roman family, fled from Rome in consequence of the cruelties inflicted on Christians by the Emperor Diocletian. They settled in the town now called Soissons, in France, where they worked as shoemakers, while they preached the gospel to the Gauls. Crispin was so benevolent that he even stole leather to make shoes for the poor! Hence a charitable deed done at the expense of others is sometimes described as a Crispinade. In 287 both brothers suffered martyrdom, and the shoemakers have ever since taken "King Crispin," as he has been styled, for their patron saint. Out of respect for the brothers, shoemaking is often called "The Gentle Craft."

The Early Greeks.—The early Greeks depended upon the natural springs and cisterns hewn in the rock, but the insufficiency of the supply led to daring engineering works. As early as 625 B. C. a tunnel, 4200 feet long, 8 feet high, was cut through a hill which stood between Samos and a coveted supply of water. Fifty or sixty years later extensive works of a similar nature were constructed to bring water to Athens from the hills of Hymettus, Pentelicus and Parnassus. Two conduits from Hymettus passed under the head of the Ilissus and were cut in the rock for most of the distance. This conduit and one from Pentelicus met in a large reservoir just outside Athens, and from this the water was distributed throughout the city by underground channels. Some of the ancient aqueducts continue to supply Athens at the present time.

Gray horses live longest; roan horses nearly as long. Cream-colored horses are deficient of staying power, especially in summer weather. Bays, on an average, are the best. Horses with black hoofs are stronger and tougher than others.

MY LIGHT.

BY F. R. H.

Though I should die to-night, and lie in gloom,
Beneath the blackness of the funeral pall,
One golden gleam of light would o'er it fall
To pierce the darkness of the lonely room,
And light for me the new mysterious path
My soul must take
To find the future where no shadows break
The glorious sunshine of life's aftermath,
That ray of light (so sweet),
Would make all pain
Fall out of memory. Would bring again
The spring flowers 'neath my feet.
Within that ray of light would there be song,
And perfume, and the long
Sweet summer night
Of lovers. That one ray of light
(Your love for me, dear heart),
Would be the balm of all life's smart;
The recompense for all of life's untruth;
The music, and the pulse of all earth's youth,
That little ray of light! my sun and moon,
My morning, night and noon—
The one thing I could carry on my way
Into the vast forever—past to-day.

A Prisoner Guest.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER I.

IT'S the blackest, most cussed night for anybody to come along as ever I see in California," said the ranchman, getting up and looking at his wife, as for the second time there came a heavy knocking at the door of the house; "but there's no mistake about it this time—loud enough to wake the dead. You stay here Charlotte, while I see what kind of galoot it is."

"All right, Morgan; wonder they didn't stop down in Black Fork City, 'tain but six miles off."

Which distance might be considered only just across the road in the far west.

Morgan Flowers was a big, rather forbidding-looking man, perhaps fifty, whom the folks up at Black Fork said had done a turn at a good many things before settling on this thriving ranch he had bought, with money, perhaps, not very well gotten—the best that was said was that he had "run" an hotel in San Francisco (some hundred miles distant); others said it wasn't that, but a private asylum in some other city, long ago, but had made the business too hot for him.

Anyway, though a good neighbor, and not a bad sort of fellow, it was tolerably certain that he was not an over scrupulous personage in more ways than one.

It was past eleven, and only he and his wife were still up in the big keeping-room, when Mrs. Flowers—he busy knocking up something—had declared she heard a summons at the front entrance door, now barred up; but the second knocking was both so loud and imperative, that Mr. Flowers had put down his hammer, and now went off to the entry, and speedily opened the door, the lamp behind him making the outside darkness blacker by contrast.

"By the jumping Je-hosophat! What's this?" said he.

A close covered wagon, with a driver at the horse's head, stood out on the broad sweep that led from the wide-open gate of the enclosure up to the big log house; and on the veranda stood a tall, elderly woman, who looked as if she had almost the muscles of a man, to judge by the wrist and hand, and general physique. Her dress was dark and rough in its appearance.

"I'll soon tell 'what's this,' sirree," said this personage, in a deep voice. "You be Morgan C. Flowers—so that's right enough—what used, years ago, to keep the asylum over in Davenport City. I rec'leckt ye."

"More 'n I do you, then!" returned the man, coolly; "but that's no matter. What's the business on the cards to-night?"

"A pile of money, if you ha'nt got squeamish since old days," returned the woman, shortly.

"I'm your man, then, anyway," said the rancher, as curtly, "and no questions asked."

"That's you!"

She came quite close, and went on in a quick undertone:

"I've brought a lady—a mere girl—to be taken care of till she is claimed by a gentleman who'll give the name of Beverly, and bring a gold signet ring, set with an emerald cut into the crest of a flying falcon coming head-on—d'ye see? The gal's had a shock, and is a bit queer like. She's to have the best care—your wife must see to that; but if she escapes, there'll be ugly work of it for you. It may be a year, or two years, before Mr. Beverly comes to claim her, but here's two thousand dollars down."

"And suppose this coon don't claim the gal in one or two years—what then?"

"Oh, ye can truck her down to the poor-house at 'Frisco," said the woman. "But he'll be around before that, never you fear. That's fixed off, then, and we'll bring her and her baggage out o' the wagon. Here, you, Hiram!"

She stepped back to the wagon as the driver came, went to the back and unfastened the strong canvas curtain, which formed a door above the proper one.

"Come along, my dear!" the woman said, not unkindly. "She's dead tired with long traveling," she added to Flowers, as he stepped up, half curious, half with the masculine instinct, at once aroused, of help to the weaker sex.

"Poor little kid—come along!" said he; and, taking the slender form into his arms as if it had been a child's in very truth, carried her into the keeping-room, and placed her gently on her feet, the woman following.

"Lord sakes! What's all this you've got, Morgan?" exclaimed his wife, starting up.

A very young and well-dressed lady, of exquisite Southern beauty, who stood quite still, her great dark eyes going from one to the other with a curiously bewildered, scared look, that had something of a strange horror behind it, as it were—a look altogether that awoke a sense of pity as for one whose mental balance had been terribly shaken. No more than that, perhaps, but still thrown out of perfect order—dazed, injured.

The gleaming wedding-ring on her delicate hand, too, had, in part, aroused the Western dame's surprised exclamation.

Here the gaunt woman, who had brought so strange a guest, interposed.

"Me and Hiram's going back right away, sirree—down to Black Fork. I'll settle up with you, see the baggage inside, and stampede."

"All right!"

"You follow me, my girl," said Mrs. Flowers, taking the stranger's hand. "You look beat right out, you do."

Passively the girl let herself be led across the entry into Mrs. Flowers' own chamber, whilst Morgan and the other woman settled their business, and the driver, Hiram, meanwhile carrying in two or three portmanteaus from the wagon.

"We can camp you down fine; the digging's big enough!" again suggested the ranchman, bringing out glasses and whisky, which, of course, was not refused.

"Thank ye, doctor, but we're bound to start back right away. I'll just say good-bye to Mrs. Beverly. Here they come!" She turned to the girl. "I'm going, now, Mrs. Beverly, good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

A low, delicious voice, full of pathos, the accent foreign, like her beauty; the manner utterly apathetic, as if the two words had fallen from the lips of a lovely automaton.

The woman frowned, but went out; Flowers going to see the wagon off, and Charlotte busying herself to get the mysterious guest some supper.

"Law sakes! that chit married," she muttered, glancing at the young guest, now sitting on the settee, by the bright log fire—for the year was growing old, and the nights, even in that latitude, were chilly. "I wonder, now, what's behind all this?"

What, indeed? The girl sat with loosely locked hands and drooping form, and a look of hopeless trouble in the soft, half dark face, bent towards the blaze.

She seemed scarcely conscious of the change of place and companionship; perhaps she was physically and mentally too much worn out to heed anything; perhaps too shattered and self-absorbed to note or care for outward things at all—perhaps both, poor child. She ate and drank little, shivered when they pressed her with true American hospitality, and said only:

"I cannot eat, thank you," in the softest way—never losing that wild, scared look, and strange, suppressed manner; then came, pitifully: "Oh, so tired—I am so tired."

"Take her off along with you, Lottie," said the rancher, nodding to his wife. "I'll make up the shake-down here to-night; and I'll tell you all to-morrow," he added, glancing at Mrs. Beverly.

"That is not my name," said the girl, with almost startling suddenness and flashing out of passion; "how dared they say so? Not mine—not his!"

"Tell us yours, then, my dear?" said Morgan.

"Theresa Xi——" she faltered there—the flash of memory had passed, the tangled threads could not be straightened, and the mystery remained sealed.

And the next day it was near noon before Theresa Beverly came into the keeping-room, and asked, with a sort of pathetic wonder in her voice, and scared eyes.

"Where am I—and—who are you, please?"

Questions easily answered on their part; but who she was, and how or why she was there, at the California ranch, was a mystery not to be solved as readily. The most real and unmistakable thing about it all was, that bag of two thousand dollars in hard cash.

* * * * * *

Whatever the shock the sensitive nature of the young prisoner-guest of the ranch had received, it was one too violent for her to rally from quickly to any extent; her faculties seemed stunned, except to an acute and abiding anguish and sense of loss; and perhaps, worse still, a perpetual mental struggle to remember something which evidently centred round someone passionately loved—perhaps her husband, possibly a lover; but certainly her darkened thoughts were always in connection with that gold circlet on her hand, for she would constantly gaze at it with eyes full of miserable tears, touch it in a curious way, as if to make sure it was really there, then shudder from head to foot, and sometimes wring her slender hands, with the habitual scared look deepening to horror and heart-rending agony.

This when she was alone and unobserved, so far as she knew; but, in truth, she was seldom beyond sight or sound; for "Morg Flowers," as he was called, was here, there, and everywhere about the ranch, looking after its produce and his subordinates, and Charlotte kept Mrs. Beverly a good deal within her own range, by kind, tactful means.

Besides this, a pretty, quick-witted Mexican girl, about ten or eleven, to whom the hapless stranger had taken a fortunate fancy, was deputed to be her attendant and companion, with secret instructions regarding any possible attempt at escape from the precincts of the ranch on her new mistress' part.

"You sabe, Alma?" ended Mrs. Flowers, and Alma smiled and nodded.

"I do just wonder, Morg," said his wife, one day, as for a brief space they sat under the veranda, resting, "what the mystery is?" nodding towards two figures under the redwood trees that skirted the enclosure, away in front of the dwelling.

Flowers laughed, sent off a huge puff of smoke, and said:

"I guess it's one of the old stories, poor child. Mebbe she's been forced into a marriage she hated; she seems kinder in horror at that wedding-ring at times; and if so be it, it's p'raps the fellow she really cares for as has got her away here."

"Y—es," this dubiously. "No, I reckon it ain't quite that neither, Morg, for yesterday, when she was right away at the back fence, I'm positive I see her wring her pretty hand, and then kiss the left one."

"Ay—so—did ye?"

"Certainly I did. And," said the woman, shrewdly, "no woman ever kissed her wedding-ring if she didn't love the man as put it there."

"That's good logic, any way, wife; and I'll swear she's done no wrong, was it ever so. 'Taint no business of ours, except to do what I've undertook and been paid for well; but darned if I wouldn't be glad to see the child happy. P'raps her husband is dead?"

"Well—p'raps, Morg; if so, it's been violently somehow, I guess; and maybe that's the shock that old virago of a madhouse nurse what brought her, meant."

This was several weeks after Theresa's arrival.

"Likely enough," said the ranchman, "and it's sent her queer—not mad, but queer—memory's shook some; and as she don't quite rec'leckt who she belongs to, or where to go, she's no idea to escape from this crib, so long as we're kind to her—and I wonder who could be rough to her? If one ain't too particular, dollars is dollars!"

"Right you are, Morg, one must live. But Theresa likes us, I think; and I'm positive she's getting better in health—wanders about with Alma, or you or me; rides Brown Madge like a Mexican over the hull farm with you—eats better."

"So she do get on so fur, poor thing," returned Morgan; "but ye can see, for all that, her heart's breaking for someone, and the horror that's got in her eyes don't go out of 'em no how, Lottie."

"Morgan, has she seen something that hem as done it is afeard she'll tell of?" said Charlotte, suddenly.

Morgan looked at her.

"H'm," said he; "but then a bullet could settle most o' that sort o' game, this side the Pond."

"Ay, but might be across it. She's foreign—a Continental of some kind."

"Yes; and I reckon old Jeph Crosby's right—him as runs an hotel near the quay, in 'Frisco; well, he's been a heap in Europe, and yesterday, when me and Theresa was riding miles off here, to find your stray white cow, who should we meet but Jeph. He chats, and looks at her, and then says aside to me, 'Why, boss, that young friend of yours looks to me like a Greek girl—or part, anyhow."

"Did you ask her, Morgan, if she was?"

"No! Might have upset her; besides, my bargain was, 'No questions asked,'" returned the rancher, whose moral code might certainly seem rather paradoxical. "But here she comes. Why, what's up, Theresa?"

For Theresa came flying towards them with ashen face and outstretched hands, on one of which was visible a streak of blood.

"Blood—blood!" she cried. "Oh, Heaven! not his—not his! He is lying at my feet—dead! He cannot be dead!"

With a wild, smothered cry of agony and horror, she reeled back, and must have fallen but that Flowers caught her in his arms, and held her, trying to calm her wild agitation with a kind of rough tenderness.

"Sh—sh! my dear. It's only me and Lottie. No one ain't dead—and that blood's only a bramble-scratch—ain't it, Alma?" Alma nodded. "He ain't dead, little one, I'm certain. You go in with Lottie, and keep quiet a bit, while she washes off the stain."

Theresa gradually rallied from the paroxysm, nor did she ever again so break out, or say so much.

Physically she grew stronger, as the months went by—winter, spring, summer—the gorgeous California summer; but, otherwise, she showed, outwardly, little change.

The one hand—the one presence—was wanting that could have wrought that change. Perhaps gone for ever, poor young thing.

And so nearly a year passed, but still no one came to claim her.

CHAPTER II.

ONE night, between nine and ten, a glorious moonlight, too, such as one only sees in the more tropic latitudes, Morgan Flowers and Charlotte were sitting in the usual big room at the back of the house, whilst Theresa stood outside under the veranda, gazing listlessly out over the magnificent panorama that was spread before her—woods and rolling country, and silver river beyond the ranch; and far off, like a distant background of clouds, she could dimly see the Coast Range.

But in Theresa's dark eyes there was a strained, far-away look, that saw nothing present, but only strove to look back to recall that which still refused to be recalled to the forefront of memory.

Suddenly her quick ear caught the sound of wheels on the drive in front of the house, but as it was probably only one of the two or three neighbors returning rather late to his ranch, ten miles off, she only said, indifferently:

"Some one round in front, Mr. Flowers—I hear wheels. Ah! yes, there is a knocking."

"That's so, my dear. I'll see to it," returned Morgan, rearing his long limbs erect; and, with a nod to the girl, he went out to the entry, lighted by an oil lamp, and opened the door.

"Hullo, stranger!" said he, surveying the tall, powerfully-built man who stood there.

A stranger literally, not even an American, but a well-dressed English gentleman, and a good-looking one too, though the expression was not over-pleasing; the mouth especially was hard, the blue eyes cold.

On the pathway stood a buggy, harnessed to a big, strong horse.

"Are you Morgan Flowers?" the visitor asserted, rather than asked.

"Rather!" returned that gentleman, as curtly. "What's your business, stranger?"

"To get back where I came from, but not alone," said the other. "You've got a Mrs. Beverly here?"

"Well, what then?"

Morg was on his guard.

"You took two thousand dollars with her, and bargained to give her up to the person who gave the name of Beverly and produced a gold ring with an emerald crest of a flying falcon?" said the stranger, stretching out his right hand, on which flashed the emerald ring described.

"Right you are; so far, so well."

"There's the ring, and I am Gervase Beverly," said the stranger, with an angry frown. "I am here to remove your charge according to the compact."

"Y-es. Look ye here, Britisher," said Morgan, eyeing the other one. "What's the girl to you, or you to her?"

"What am I to her?" repeated the other, with a yet uglier frown at this hesitation. "I am her husband, and claim her by that right."

"Time you did, then," said Flowers, with a kind of dry savageness; "but I suppose I'm bound to give her up, unless——" He paused, doubtfully.

"There's no 'unless,'" interposed Beverly, impatiently. "A man has a right to his wife's custody, whether she likes it or not, and the poor child's insanity unhappily took the form of fear of me and mistaking my identity—won't have it that I am the man she married. Do you want to see to see the certificate?"

"Yes, I do."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the other, with a sudden change of manner—good acting, perhaps, "you're a good fellow to be so careful of my poor darling! Here it is!"

He produced a pocket-book, and from that a duly attested certificate of a register marriage in London, between Gervase Beverly and Theresa Ximines. It looked genuine, the signature was Theresa's writing, the Greek name filled in exactly half memory of hers—all the links fitted.

Morgan put it back slowly, reluctantly even then.

"Well, I've taken your dollars," he said, roughly, "and she is your wife right enough, it seems, so I s'pose she must go, whether she likes or not."

"She is going to be placed under proper medical treatment, Mr. Flowers," Beverly said, quickly. "We must leave here at once. I will send for her baggage in a day or two. Where is she?"

"This way."

Morgan led, and as the two men entered, Theresa turned, and gazed on the newcomer with a bewildered, questioning look, that plainly had not recognition in it, though the strained, scared expression deepened, and she shrank as he advanced.

"Don't you know me, Theresa?" he said, with a quick side glance towards Flowers that said, "There, you see how sadly right I was."

"No, I never saw you before," said the girl, knitting her straight brows.

"Nay, dear, try to remember me; for I have come to take you back home."

"Go away!" she said, with a sudden, sharp accent of terror. "I don't know you. I am not going from here, with you. Go away."

"With you, child. You are my wife, and must come."

"Your wife—yours?" she cried out, wildly, fiercely; "it is false! Oh, that blood—that sight—dead—dead. And I—I——"

She staggered, flung out her arms, and fell into Beverly's arms as he sprang forward.

"Fetch a warm wrap," he said, quickly, "and it's all done quietly. My poor child, she'll know me presently. Quick, please, I've no time to lose. I told you how it would be."

"Get a shawl, Lottie," said Morgan, huskily. "I don't see what's to be done else. Wish I'd got the dollars to return, and I'd keep her, but——"

What could he do? But when the senseless form was carried by Beverly out to the vehicle and gently placed in it, he and Lottie followed and watched the buggy as far along the road as they could see it; and when Lottie, crying bitterly, went in, the rancher still stood at the gate, he knew not how long, till suddenly a sharp sound, far off in the direction Beverly had driven, rang out on the still night air—the report of pistol shots.

CHAPTER III.

"THE way to Flowers' ranch, did ye say, sirree?"

"Yes, the quickest way," said a rich, mellow voice.

The questioner was a Western man in the street of Black Fork City; the one who replied was an English gentleman, of rather cosmopolitan appearance—a tall, dark, handsome fellow, rather over thirty, with lines of great suffering—mental and physical, probably—about the delicate mouth. His dress was loose, easy, but of fine material, and in his belt he carried a silver-mounted revolver—no toy one—and a sheathed dagger.

There was that about the whole man, too, which looked dangerous to anyone who crossed his path and will—just now at any rate. He was well mounted, too, and sat his horse like a Pampas Indian.

"Keep that road, then," said the man, pointing; "slant the pine wood, thar. You ken see it black like in this moonlight, and take the first track to the right; go through the next bit o' wooding, and out on the track agin, right away, and thar's Morg. Flowers' ranch ahead of yer."

"Thanks, a thousand times. Good night."

And the rider dashed off at a speed that made the man mutter:

"By the etarn'l I one 'd think it wor life and death."

A good deal more, perhaps, to the man who rode to-night, against time, for all that was priceless to him in the world, utterly reckless of the possible dangers of so lonesome a road in the West which might beset his ride.

"On the track at last," he muttered, with flashing eyes, as he rode on. "Oh, Heaven! The very thought is madness! My darling!—my darling! And I to be laid low all these months by that dastard kinsman's murderous bullet—I to be helpless when every hour lost was time lost from this search for more than life. And now, at the last, for that villain to have got more than two hours' start of me to this fellow's ranch!"

He spurred on his horse, following the directions given him, through the dark pine woods, and out again into the more open country, through which the track wound, the moonlight still shining in a nearly cloudless sky.

He had covered, perhaps, four miles of the six, when he thought he heard the sound of hoof-strokes, some distance ahead, on the track, and then the grind of wheels, as if passing heavily over a rough piece of road.

The rider pulled up sharp, and listened intently, with almost bated breath, and the the right hand, with instant instinct, on his revolver.

"By the Heaven above," he said, through his teeth, "if this is he indeed, as I scarcely dare hope, no mercy, for kinship's sake, need Gervase expect from Leigh Arundel. I'll watch a minute here, under the shadow of these trees, unseen myself. Whoever this traveler is, he is coming on the track, and when he rounds that turn below for this slight ascent, I command the situation."

He dismounted deliberately, and threw his bridle over a tree branch; then, moving to the edge of the deep shadows, the man stood watching that turn in the road, at the bottom of the ascent—stood motionless as a statue, outwardly, but every nerve was strung up—a very tempest of passion and suspense, held in check by the iron will—the revolver in his hand now.

Those few minutes that passed might have been hours, and then, round that turn he so watched, came some vehicle, which slackened to a quick walking pace up the ascent.

As it drew nearer, Arundel could discern that it was a covered buggy, and that a man on the front seat was driving it.

"Heaven! is she inside?" the man whispered. "Is the man Gervase? How slow he is! I can't fire before I see his face!"

Nearer, nearer came the vehicle; but suddenly the driver turned, as if he heard a sound from within, pulled up, and getting down, went round.

"By Jove! coming to, are you, confound it!" was the exclamation which distinctly reached Leigh Arundel's ears, and its very sound half maddened him, and made his blood leap with wild passion—his deadly enemy at last!

Swift and stealthy as a panther Leigh glided forwards, and as the other man came quickly round again to remount his seat, his face was distinctly visible in the moonlight.

In that moment Arundel sprang erect, was seen. In the next second two sharp reports clove the air, and Gervase, reeling some feet, fell back mortally wounded.

Not one word, save a fierce "You villain!" passed Leigh's lips—not one look did he give the fallen foe now, for he heard a girl's smothered cry of terror, saw a slight figure in the track behind the vehicle, and to that the man sprang, and wrapped Theresa to his heart with a passion of ecstasy that was almost too much, joy and agony in one.

"My darling! My wife! Tell me you know me!—tell me you know me, and are unharmed?"

If to cling to him frantically, with a passion of wild tears that swept before them all the long, terrible mist over memory, if to yield herself in dizzy rapture to his clasp, were answer, then he had it.

"Leigh—not dead—not dead! Oh, husband! come back at last!" came at last in heavy sobs. "Hold me to your heart—close!"

"My treasure!" He loosed her a little to press his lips to hers again and again. "Thank Heaven that I was in time, that I have found you at last—at last—and that dastard," he said, fiercely, "is dead or dying! Stay here one minute, while I loose my horse. I must get you quick to shelter and rest, my darling!"

She obeyed, half dizzy still with the sudden blaze of light, the sudden rending of the darkened veil which so long had shrouded the mental powers.

She could not forget the dear voice and face of the husband she so loved—whom she had seen shot dead (she believed) at her feet on their marriage evening.

She was in a dream still, only how it had changed! As in a dream, she saw the prostrate form of her husband's cousin and bitter enemy—his would-be assassin a year ago—saw Leigh go to the tree and fetch his horse up, then pause by the fallen man, as he groaned heavily, and opened his glazing eyes up to the dark, pitiless face above him.

"You've euchred me," he gasped, feebly; "but she is not harmed, I swear! Mercy—pity—I am——"

"Ask pity or mercy sooner from the stones in the track," the other answered, fiercely. "No harm! No, you dared not such wrong, perhaps; that is all. But it's no fault of yours that her reason, which your desperate attempt to murder me in her presence unhinged, is restored to-night, by my sudden appearance to save her. Coward! I know you to the core, and why you took my wife away before she was many hours a bride. But I lived, despite your assassin's bullet, and now your worthless life pays the penalty you have earned. Your crimes have failed."

"Confusion on you and yours! Take that, then!"

With a last spasmodic, savage effort, the man lifted himself a little, and tried to feel for the pistol which had fallen from his hand.

"If I—could—kill you!" he gasped, and fell back dead—a lifeless Cain, in all but the success of the deed of bloodshed.

Sickened at the awful death, Arundel turned away to Theresa—as to light and purity after darkness and foulness.

"This is no place or sight for you," he said, hoarsely. "Tell me quick, my darling—were they kind to you at the ranch? Can I take you back there for to-night?"

"Yes, yes, Leigh! very good!" she said, hurriedly. "Please take me; come back there, for it is nearest."

As she spoke, both saw a man's figure running up the track towards them.

"Hold, there—you!" he shouted, furiously, as he rushed up. "If the girl's harmed, I'll shoot you like a dog!"

"Morg. Flowers," cried Theresa, wildly, "don't fire, for Heaven's sake!"

"Shake hands, man, for that threat of yours," said Leigh, impulsively, as the other pulled up, panting, taken aback, "for I am her husband."

"What, you? Not the other? Theresa, you cling to that one, child! Look you, sir, that fellow as lies there, swore he was her husband, and showed me a certificate, too, or I wouldn't ha' given her up anything."

"We'll get back to your ranch, if we may, and I will explain everything," said Arundel, lifting his precious charge to the pommel of his saddle, on which a red Mexican riboza, or blanket, was strapped.

"If?" repeated Morg, looking from the handsome speaker to the girl, in whose face he had at once noted a startling change, that made her even more beautiful, with the added beauty of love and mental powers regained—"if? Why, I'd reckon you a bad lot if you didn't. What's to be done with that skunk you've well spent a bullet on, I guess? Is he dead? I heard the shots, and started off after the child. Didn't like giving her up, I tell you."

Arundel said, grimly:

"Yes, his kinsman was dead; but, for the sake of their mutual name, he must have burial, and they could bring the body in the buggy."

So they lifted it in, Morg driving the trap, and Leigh, remounting, passed his arm close about his rescued treasure, and they all set off for the ranch, Morgan wondering what the solution to this mystery could be?

* * * * * *

"And now, Mr. Arundel, I've told you all there is to tell about your wife's being brought here and claimed by that villain lying dead in the room out at the back; and the ring he used, which you says he stole from your finger, so p'raps now we may make bold to ask for your story, since that pretty little one is as happy at last as we've wished to see her, and in her right place."

So she was—beside her husband, on the settee, nestling closely in his arm, her curly head resting on his bosom, her clinging hand in his—all the miserable past a horrible dream, from w! ich she had awoke to exquisite happiness.

"Such as it is," Leigh said, "you shall both hear it. Much of Gervase's part in it I can only infer or guess at by results. I am the only son of an English gentleman of large landed property, and Gervase Arundel, after me or my children, was next heir. He was a third cousin to me. My father wanted me to marry a certain lady, whom I did not care about, and we had a strong difference about it. I went off to the States, South, to Virginia, and there I met a certain orphan of Greek parentage," he smiled down on the lovely face lying against him so restfully, "who was a daily teacher of music and languages, in a school. Well, I loved her—what wonder? And I won her heart."

"Looks like it, sirree," put in Morg, smiling; "pardon."

"I did not mean to tell my father till I took my wife to England; and how Gervase got the knowledge of the place and day of our marriage, I don't know, unless he had some spy on my movements. Of course, he wished me to die unmarried; or, at least, childless, and he took his own measures to gain his end, taking advantage of my being in a remote, and rather wild part of Virginia, where queerly lawless deeds may passed unchallenged.

"Well, we were married in a little Episcopal Church, and spent the rest of the day a few miles off in the woods. Towards evening, we were just about to re-enter our trap, and drive back to the farm where I had lodged, when," he paused, and drew his wife closer, as she shivered at the mere recollection, "suddenly three men, with crape masks, appeared; and one—Gervase, I knew his figure—instantly fired at my heart. I remember reeling, and hearing my darling's agonised shriek, as I fell at her very feet—almost mortally wounded—dead, the cowards doubtless thought, or Gervase would have made sure. I knew no more till weeks afterwards. My courier had missed us, got anxious, searched and found me; but, Heaven!—not my wife! Shall I ever forget the awful agony of that time—of all this last year!" he said, breaking down for a moment.

Then he went on:

"I lay for weeks in mad delirium, not expected to live from hour to hour; then for months too prostrate to do anything myself. Imagine that, and this child's fate a mystery—in that villain's power! Well, at last I pulled through, and began my search. I got on a trail at last—lately, but again how Gervase suspected it in the last week I shall never know. He did clearly, and preceded me here a couple of hours. I traced Theresa step by step, with an old woman, to 'Frisco; and there I met a certain Jeph Crosby—oh, you know him?" as Morg started.

"Rather, sir. Yes."

"He told me he had seen a lovely Greek girl, called Theresa, with Morg Flowers, and told me where you located. And on I came, never leaving the saddle, I tell you, till to-night—save for a few minutes to feed the horse. Of to-night you know. I wrote everything to my father, when I could write at all, and my wife will find a home where I go. Of Gervase I can only surmise that he took advantage of the cruel effects of the terrible shock on my poor child to smuggle her away, so that I should, if I survived at all, be uncertain of her fate, and he kept out of my way."

"The blackguard!" said Morgan, vehemently. "I could shoot myself for the part I've had in his villainy! I've been a bad lot, I reckon, but not so bad as that; if I'd ha' known, sir, you bet I'd have kept her here. But that cussed forged paper, and his yarn, and her being queer then!—Lord forgive me—I never shall myself—nor you."

"Fully—heartily, Morgan Flowers, believe me," said Leigh, earnestly; "you were kind to her—cared for her—is it not so, sweetheart?"

"Yes, indeed, Leigh—ah! yes."

"You're both too good," said the penitent sinner, huskily. "I don't deserve only bitter words. Heaven bless you for those words! Well, and I guess you'll start home, then, in a day or two, sir, with Mrs. Arundel, and we shan't see you ever again?"

"I hope we shall, though," both Arundel and Theresa said together, he adding:

"I shall bring her out West, I daresay, in a year or two; and to prove how we only remember your and Mrs. Flowers' care of her, we shall find our way to this ranch, and look you up."

"That's a promise, then," returned Morgan, brightly, "and we'll look forwards to it."

And when, two days later, Leigh Arundel and his young wife took leave, the ranchman clasped hands, with a hearty "God-speed."

ONCE MARE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Only a withered rose-bud,
  Last night at the ball you were;
Dead, in my hand it lieth,
  A rose-bud, and nothing more.

Oh, for the glare and glitter,
  The waltz and music's strain;
Oh, for the heart's quick pulsing,
  In the ball-room once again.

Oh, that my arms were round you,
  Oh, for those hours divine;
Oh, for the lips that kissed me,
  With the thrill of love's warm wine.

"THE BLACK POND."

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER IV—(CONTINUED.)

THERE was a deathly silence in the room, Jocelyn's flushed face had turned white. She made a piteous gesture with her hands—a gesture of the denial that her lips were too dry to utter.

Dalgarno went on with a slight smile:

"I was straying through the house yesterday—you will pardon a husband's natural curiosity, I am sure—and I came across a couple of charming, really charming rooms, evidently fitted up for a child. One was a dainty sitting-room—you have quite unexceptionable taste, Jocelyn, I must say—and there was a dear little fairy kneeling on the hearthrug, building a house of cards. Needless to say, the house of cards fell to the ground on my entrance. I asked the fairy her name, and she said 'Aveline.' That was your mother's name, by-the-way, Jocelyn. It was stupid of you to call her that. It lets the cat out of the bag at once. She also told me that she loved you very much, and that she was never allowed to come to the drawing-room now. I sympathized with her about the last fact, and promised her that it should soon be remedied. She is as like you as two peas, my dear girl. Of course, I was delighted to find that I was the unconscious father of the little fairy. She will be seven years old to-morrow," added Dalgarno, his cruel gaze still on his victim's face, "and when a child is seven years old, her father is allowed to take possession of her, you know. When I leave Boraston Hall, Aveline goes too."

Again there was the tense silence. It seemed a century to Jocelyn before he went on speaking.

"Now let me advise you to be sensible, Jocelyn. I will give you a week to decide in, and I will hold my tongue for that length of time. There is really no reason, you know, why you shouldn't acknowledge our marriage. I wasn't arrested under my own name, and nobody need know why I was unfortunately compelled to leave my charming wife for seven years. We shall get on together very well, I have no doubt. I shan't worry you at all, but I mean to liven up the old place a little."

"Have you no pity? Do you not see how I am suffering? Take what money you please, but leave me the child."

"That is not my object at all. I am not so mercenary as all that. I pine for domestic bliss. It will delight me to hear that little fairy address me as father."

Jocelyn could bear no more. She rose hurriedly, clinging to a chair with one hand for support.

"Adolphe!" she exclaimed, "by the love you once bore me—if, indeed, you ever did love me—spare me, pity me, and leave me my child."

"Do not be melodramatic, my dear. I do not intend to separate you from your child. I merely claim to form part of the family circle."

"Oh, why did I ever meet—ever marry you?" she exclaimed, looking at him with eyes dilated with horror.

"Because you were in love with me, I suppose. You had every appearance of being so. Fate decides these things, Jocelyn, and it has decided pretty well for me. Fortune has played me many a disagreeable trick, but she has made up everything to me now."

He sauntered towards the door.

"I had better not stop too long, perhaps. That ferret-eyed old aunt of yours might find out our tete-a-tete, and ask all sorts of questions about it. She really is a most unpleasant person."

He left the room, and Jocelyn stood there as though turned to stone.

The secret—the secret she would have guarded with her life—was out now. It was in the possession of the man who could put his knowledge to such cruel uses. She had seen from the first that it would have been worse than useless to deny that Aveline was her child. She herself had seen day by day with growing terror that her little daughter was very, very like herself.

It seemed to her that there was nothing to be done now. A future with Dalgarno in it was not to be thought of. She shuddered at the bare idea. A future without Aveline was impossible. Was she really to choose between these two fates—almost equally terrible in her eyes?

She remembered that it was the ball that night, and that she must not appear at it pale and heavy-eyed. She must be bright and gay once more, and play her part bravely, so that no one should guess that she was bearing about with her a hideous secret.

Jocelyn moved about as in a dream after that interview with Dalgarno. She walked and talked, and smiled, and ate and drank as usual, but all the while a strange sense of unreality hung about her like a persistent, haunting nightmare—a nightmare not to be shaken off.

As she stood in her own room putting the finishing touches to her costume for the ball that night, she marveled at her own calmness. In certain crises of life the mind seems to stand still and watch its own agonies with a strange callousness and inertness.

Jocelyn's cheeks were bright, her eyes were deep and tranquil, her lips smiling. So the heroines of the French Revolution went to the guillotine with a jest upon their lips, and serenity on their brows.

Jocelyn was down first in the great hall, which had been cleared for dancing as well as the real ball-room. She stood before the fire buttoning her long white gloves, and longing feverishly for the guests to come and force her to take her thoughts away from the evil face which had looked on her anguish with such cruel indifference.

It was Godfrey Wharton who came down the stairs and found her there alone. He had not spoken to her since the previous day. He hardly seemed to know what to say to her now. He stood looking at her in silence. At last:

"I have been thinking about what you told me," he said slowly and with a great effort. "There seems to be no real reason for uneasiness. The—man will demand a high price for going away quietly I suppose? But no doubt you are prepared to give it."

"I would give all I have, but circumstances have made such an arrangement impossible."

"He must be made to listen to reason."

She smiled—a strange mocking smile that seemed to chill him.

"He does not need money. He longs for affection," she said, with a horrible lightness. "He wants a pleasant family life. He already loves his child."

Godfrey Wharton fell back a step.

"He has found out that?"

"It appears so. Think of Aveline calling him father! Is there not a delightful prospect of domestic happiness in the future?"

She was standing very erect, and her eyes glittered with excitement.

"Jocelyn!" he implored, his hand on her arm, "for gracious sake take care! You will break down."

"If I had been going to do that I should have done it already. I feel a delightful sense of security, as if nothing could hurt me or move me any more! Break down indeed! You shall see how many dances I dance to-night. Hark, that is the first carriage driving up! I wish they would all come soon. I feel as if I should like to dance for ever."

She held out her programme to him.

"There," she said, "take as many as you want. Our step suits to perfection, and, perhaps, this is the last night I shall ever be Miss Garth. By to-morrow the world may know me as——"

She checked herself. The look in his eyes seemed to bewilder her. She put her hand to her head for a moment.

"Why do you look so sorry?" she said under her breath. "It is not worth while. Nothing matters very much. And life is not an eternity after all. Do not look like that for my sake. I want to be merry to-night."

And, leaving the little scented card in his hands, she went forward to welcome her guests.

CHAPTER V.

"AND you must bring your delightful Italian bandit with you! I positively insist upon it, Jocelyn. The idea of crouching round the hall fire in the dark, and telling ghost stories just because it is New Year's Eve is positively ridiculous. Why should you all go to bed ready to scream with nervousness simply because it is the last day of the year? It is perfect nonsense! You must have a scrimmage at our place instead."

It was Lady Ellis who spoke, as she said good-bye to Jocelyn in the faint dark dawn of the winter's morning. Jocelyn had just refused her invitation to spend New Year's Eve at Graystone Manor, alleging a previous engagement to ghosts as her reason.

"It is really very good of you, Lady Ellis," she said, "but I do so like to have my blood curdled once a year, and——"

"I won't hear another word! We will dance the new year in instead of telling horrid stories of stupid people dressed in white. Your burglar—Lady Carstairs insists he is a burglar—waltzes divinely, and I shall not forgive you if you do not bring him!"

Jocelyn was standing in the great hall saying good-bye to various guests during this speech, and she only gave a little smile that might mean anything. She had told Godfrey Wharton that she meant to be merry that night, and she had kept her word. Flushed and brilliant and beautiful, she had danced till the wintry dawn gleamed faintly in the leaden sky—danced with a gaiety and recklessness that terrified Godfrey, even while it enchanted him.

Never to the end of his life did he forget that night. The slender white figure, light as a feather, whirling round the room with feet that seemed winged and that never felt fatigue. When she was dancing with him he tried to get her to stop, to rest, but she only said, without looking at him:

"Don't speak to me—don't look at me! I must not stop. Don't you see that I must keep going on?"

Dalgarno was almost the only man who did not dance with Jocelyn Garth that night. He never went near her; only watched her from afar with a little evil smile playing round his handsome lips. He had his victim so completely in his toils that he could afford to loosen the cords that bound her a little now and then.

"So it is all settled," was Lady Ellis' last remark to Jocelyn as she kissed her in the great hall; "we will dance the new year in, and I will lend you all the carts and horses I possess to take you back to Boraston Hall again. We will send the servants to bed and have a regular lark. I have quite fallen in love with Mr. Dalgarno."

Jocelyn sank into a chair by the blazing fire when she had said good-bye to the last guest, and stretched out her hands to the ruddy flames. The house-party, in various stages of excitement or limpness, stood about yawning.

"Five o'clock," said Lady Carstairs, who had been longing to hide her bismuth complexion in bed for the last four hours. "My dear Jocelyn, we really must try and get a little sleep; and we are to go to that dear, energetic, Lady Ellis to-morrow, too! Good gracious, how worn out I shall be! Come, girls, get off to bed, if you want to have any complexion left at all."

She went up the stairs at the head of a procession of more or less battered damsels, whose elaborate dresses had been ruthlessly torn by clumsy masculine feet.

Jocelyn remained for a moment absently looking into the fire. She was thinking that to-day was the last day of the old year. What would the new one bring her?

"Are you cold?" asked Dalgarno suddenly, coming up to her, and speaking for the first time that evening.

"No," she answered, without looking at him.

"I thought you were, as you got so close to the fire. But you have color enough for anything. You danced them all down, Miss Garth. I never saw such spirit."

He spoke in a low voice, looking at her steadily all the time. The color suddenly left her cheeks and she became very white.

"Do let me advise you to get some rest while you can, Miss Garth," said Godfrey Wharton, coming forward with a glass of wine in his hand. "You look quite worn out."

She drank the wine obediently, and held out her hand in silence to say good-night. Dalgarno held out his too, but she did not even look towards him, and went up the stairs with the heavy, dragging step of one who is suddenly fatigued to the verge of exhaustion.

The two men watched the slim white figure till it disappeared.

"Miss Garth seems a little absent-minded to-night," said Dalgarno, with a half-laugh, looking at Godfrey Wharton. "I wonder why she remembered to shake hands with you and not with me?"

"You had better ask Miss Garth herself if you really wish to know."

"Yes, I think that is a good plan," said Dalgarno mockingly. "I will ask her to-morrow night at Lady Ellis' party, and you shall hear what she says."

"Thank you very much. But I cannot say I take any interest in the answer."

"No? I should have thought you would have, now. A little bird whispered to me that you took the deepest interest in Miss Garth's lightest word."

Godfrey surveyed Dalgarno with disdainful eyes.

"I am not in the habit of discussing my lady friends with a man who is too intoxicated to know what he is saying," he remarked icily.

"What the deuce do you mean? I am no more drunk than you are," cried Dalgarno angrily.

"I must apologize then. I fancied you were in your normal condition. Oblige me by leaving Miss Garth's name out of your conversation in the future. If you are not drunk, there is all the less excuse for you."

He, too, mounted the stairs which Jocelyn had ascended a few minutes ago, and Dalgarno was left alone in the great hall. He stretched his arm above his head with a short, triumphant laugh.

"He is in love with her himself," he said, "and she is mine—mine by the laws of God and man. I have got the whip hand of him there! But let him look to himself in time to come."

The breakfast-table was not patronized at an early hour. Most of the ladies preferred a dainty repast in the seclusion of their own rooms, and the men were in no hurry to leave their well-earned slumbers. Jocelyn was the first to make her appearance.

All the brilliance of despair had died away from her face and eyes. She was no longer defiant, reckless, merry. She looked worn and white, and there were dark marks like bruises under her eyes. She knew that this was her last day of freedom. To-morrow the sword must fall.

But she was as attentive as usual to her guests, and very active in making her arrangements for the evening festivities. It was no easy matter to drive over twenty guests to Graystone Manor, which was nearly six miles off.

"The brougham and the family coach will hold at least a dozen," said Lady Carstairs, when she at last made her appearance, languid, and the yawning, and exceedingly cross. "Then the dog-cart can take four, and I don't see why the Dagloni man can't walk."

"It is raining, aunt," said Jocelyn, with a glance out at the streaming skies and muddy road.

"Oh, is it? Well, I suppose you will have to hire flys, then. Don't put the Dagloni man anywhere near me, Jocelyn. I prefer a dog-cart and a flood to being within a mile of him."

"I think you will find I have arranged everything comfortably," said Jocelyn, with a faint trace of weariness in her tone. "You and the girls and Miss Carrington will have the brougham, and some of the men can go in the family coach. A couple of cabs will bring the other people, no doubt."

"It is a breakneck road from here to the Manor," said Lady Carstairs discontentedly, "and if it is a dark night James will drive us into the Black Pond, I have no doubt. I hope he won't be tipsy."

"I will answer for James' sobriety."

"I wish we were all going to stay at home. It would be much more sensible in my opinion. It is all very well for you young people, I have no doubt; but there is nothing for me to do but eat, and midnight suppers ruin one's digestion and temper."

But when the party set off in their brougham, and their family coach, and their cabs, the fun began again, and Lady Carstairs recovered her good humor. The night was wet and intensely dark, but the brougham was comfortable enough, and the six miles' drive gave her time to get a little nap.

Lady Ellis greeted them with effusion. "You dear good child," she said to Jocelyn, "you are so late that I was half afraid your ghosts had run off with you in revenge for your not having kept your promise to them. We are going to do all sorts of wild things to-night, Lady Car-

stairs," turning to the Dowager with a pretty little smile. "Lord Ellis declares he wants hide-and-seek and blindman's buff."

Lady Carstairs smiled indulgently.

"So long as you leave me in peace and plenty," she responded, "you may do what you like."

"And we are to have a wishing circle at twelve o'clock," went on Lady Ellis, "and everything we wish for will come true. I am going to pray for a diamond tiara that I saw in Bond Street the other day, and that Ralph wouldn't buy me."

Lord Ellis, a burly, red-faced, good-humored man, listened with a smile to his wife's prattle. He struck one as a little heavy for blindman's buff, and too big for hide-and-seek. But in the meantime the music had struck up, and already several couples were whirling round the room.

Lord Ellis offered Jocelyn his arm, and escorted her to a seat.

"I must find you a partner," he said. "My wife has warned me that I am not to dance myself. This room is over the dining-hall, and she says I should go through on to the supper-table."

Dalgarno suddenly appeared at his elbow, and Lord Ellis moved away.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Garth?" he asked formally, standing before her.

She looked up at him with denial in her eyes.

"I am not dancing to-night," she answered coldly.

"Why not?"

"I am tired."

He paused for a moment. Then he seated himself by her.

"If you do not intend to dance this evening, neither do I. We will talk to each other instead."

She rose, with a sudden intense gesture of repulsion.

"Anything but that," she murmured bitterly, laying her hand on the arm he offered her.

"You would dance yourself to death rather than be obliged to talk to me for a couple of hours, I know," he answered with a sneer. "Unfortunately I am not Mr. Godfrey Wharton, you see."

He slipped his arm round her slender waist before she had time to reply, and whirled her in among the dancers. It was the first time she had ever waltzed with him.

She felt faint, and weak, and dizzy. Nights of sleeplessness had brought her nerves to a state of tension that the least sound intensified. The music was too loud; the dresses too gay; the scent of the flowers too oppressive. She felt now and then as though she were in the clutch of some terrible nightmare, and she closed her eyes. But when she opened them it was to find that she was still in Dalgarno's arms; still whirling giddily round the room.

"Are you tired?" he asked her every now and then.

"No," she answered each time, and they danced on in silence. Dalgarno's strong arm clasped her with a firm, easy touch. Lady Ellis was right when she had said that he knew how to waltz.

The music stopped at last, and Jocelyn, almost stupefied, dropped into a seat. Dalgarno stood by, fanning her with an air of proprietorship.

"You had better come into the conservatory," he remarked after a pause. "It is cooler there."

She rose obediently. She seemed to have no will of her own left now; only a dull compliance with the wishes of the inevitable in the shape of Dalgarno. He laughed a little as they sat down together.

"Well, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?" he said. "Our steps suit fairly well, I think."

She did not reply and he went on:

"I can see it has been a little too much for you. I am not going to ask you again to-night. You shall have a last fling if you like, Jocelyn."

He laughed a little again as he said this, and then went on:

"That young Wharton is as great a fool about you as a man can be! But I'm not jealous. You are one of those women whom one can trust, Jocelyn, and I'm not going to spoil sport as long as you keep within bounds."

He rose and strolled away as he spoke, leaving her sitting there white and exhausted. She had not spoken to him during the dance. She did not speak now.

At midnight the wishing circle was formed, and a large ring of laughing people clasped hands round the big bunch of mistletoe that dangled from the ball-room ceiling. Jocelyn took her place as in a dream. She was conscious as she crossed her hands that Godfrey Wharton had possession of her left one. It was only when a hush and silence had fallen on all, when the first silvery strokes of the clocks were chiming on the midnight air, that she found that Dalgarno was at her other side.

The irony of fate! That while her lover, her friend, held one hand in his warm, kind clasp, the other should be possessed by the husband whom she hated!

"The New Year has come!" muttered Dalgarno, stooping low to whisper the words in her ear. "The New Year that we are to spend together, Jocelyn—you and I, and Aveline!"

Godfrey Wharton dropped Miss Garth's hand, and walked away pale to the lips. He also had heard those words.

And now the party became rather riotous. Dancing was abandoned, and childish games were played by grown-up people with all the zest of gayest infancy. Dalgarno was at his merriest. There was a suspicion of too much champagne about him, but he had only drunk enough to make him insolent. Lady Ellis drew in her horns a little. She confided to Jocelyn that the fascinating bandit had rather too fascinating Italian manners.

Jocelyn, who was sitting apart, looking white and tired, made no reply, but Lady Carstairs answered for her.

"Italian manners! I believe he came out of a circus or some place of that kind. I expect to see him jump over table tables and chairs in a minute. He is perfectly incomprehensible, and so is Jocelyn. How she ever allowed——"

"Please don't begin again, Aunt Grace. The house-party will be over to-morrow, and then you can say what you like."

Lady Carstairs shrugged her shoulders, but said no more, and soon after the New Year party broke up. Lady Ellis insisted upon Jocelyn driving home in her own pet carriage, which only held two.

"I know that you were crushed to death coming," she said; "and you are as tired as can be. Lady Carstairs——"

But Lady Carstairs was already in the brougham, and the other vehicles had lumbered off into the darkness. Jocelyn and Godfrey Wharton and Dalgarno were left together.

They looked at each other.

"Really this is very awkward," said Lady Ellis. "I think, Mr. Dalgarno, you had better try and find a place in the brougham."

Dalgarno laughed, and showed his white teeth.

"And leave Miss Garth and Mr. Wharton to a pleasant tete-a-tete. No thank you!"

Godfrey made a step forward. His eyes flashed. Jocelyn laid a hand on his arm.

"Give way!" she murmured, "or there will be worse to come!"

"I have obeyed you long enough," he answered in a low voice. "I will not leave you alone with that drunken brute."

"If you two are going to quarrel over poor Miss Garth," said Lady Ellis, coming to the rescue with great tact, "I shall insist on her driving off alone and making you both walk home."

"I am going to drive. Wharton can do as he likes," said Dalgarno determinedly.

He tried to force his way in by Jocelyn's side.

Lord Ellis came forward and shut the carriage door quietly.

"Drive on!" he said to the man; and the little carriage disappeared into the darkness, bearing with it only Jocelyn Garth.

Lord Ellis turned to Dalgarno.

"It is no longer raining," he observed, "and the night is quite warm. I dare say you and Mr. Wharton can find your way home together. I am sorry I cannot offer you——"

Dalgarno broke into an oath.

"How dare you come between me and my wife?" he cried with drunken fury. "Yes—my wife I say! All the world will know of it to-morrow."

"All the world will know that you are either mad or drunk," said Lord Ellis, looking at him.

Dalgarno's handsome features were inflamed with passion.

"Ah! you think so, do you? Well, I can wait! But as for walking home with that fellow," pointing to Godfrey Wharton, "I'll——"

"I have no desire to force my society on you," said Godfrey coldly. "The road to Boraston Hall is straight enough——"

"Straight enough for me to find it without your help," retorted Dalgarno. "I never missed my way in my life, and I am not likely to miss it now. When we meet again you will lower your colors, my fine fellow!"

He stumbled off into the darkness. Godfrey Wharton and Lord Ellis looked at one another.

"Is he drunk or mad?" demanded the latter.

"Both, for aught I know."

"Is it safe to let him go home alone?"

"I don't see how he can miss his way very well. Besides, I shall keep him in sight," said Godfrey Wharton, buttoning his overcoat. "Good night."

"Good night. Keep him in sight at a distance. Such men become dangerous at close quarters."

They parted, and Godfrey Wharton hurried on after Dalgarno. He knew every inch of the way well. It was a straight road, and it was impossible to miss it—unless, indeed, one turned down one of the two side-lanes that crossed it at intervals. It was not likely that Dalgarno would do that.

But though Godfrey Wharton was only a few minutes later in starting than Jocelyn Garth's husband, he never came up with him that night.

Dalgarno stumbled heavily on, flushed with wine and anger. To think that they had dared to separate him from his lawful wife! To think that they had imagined that he would for one moment have allowed that wife and Godfrey Wharton to drive home together! He flushed more angrily still as he thought of it.

Presently he heard footsteps behind him. Prison life had sharpened his faculties, and he had the acute sense of hearing that the Red Indian possesses. He knew that it was Godfrey Wharton who was following him, and he had no intention of walking home with Godfrey Wharton.

He stood aside until the footsteps had come closer, passed on, and died away in the darkness and the silence of the night.

Then he walked on himself. He thought of Jocelyn—of the riotous, delightful, uproarious life he meant to live in Boraston Hall; of the money he meant to spend; of the horses he meant to ride.

The fumes of the wine he had drunk mounted still more to his head. The still, warm breath of the night had no power to dissipate them. He became bewildered presently and stood still to recollect himself.

"To the left," he said, half-aloud, "yes, I remember turning to the left."

He turned to the left, down a dark, narrow road.

He had not been walking long when his feet touched a more slippery surface. He paused again. Where was he?

On and on he went, until suddenly the slippery surface gave way—crumbled beneath his very feet. Something cold, and dark, and wet crept up about them. He stood still with the sweat of agony chill upon his forehead.

It was the Black Pond!

He tried to retrace his steps, but the treacherous ice, only partially thawed, gave way at every turn.

The cold, dark, still water crept further up—up to his knees now. His eyes, straining in the pall-like darkness, almost burst from their sockets. Oh, Heaven, for help!

A strangled, agonized cry, hardly human in its shrill anguish, rang upon the silent air. At the same time Dalgarno heard, borne to him on the soft wind, the silvery chimes that welcomed the New Year!

With a stifled cry, with hands cut and bleeding, through catching at the sharp ragged edges of the ice, he sank lower—lower still! A numbed feeling came over him. In a few minutes he had ceased even to struggle, and the dark waters of the Black Pond closed silently over Jocelyn Garth's husband.

He was brought home, after much search—a ghastly, dripping figure with distorted features, and cut and bleeding hands—and buried in the churchyard where the Garths had been at rest for generations. The funeral took place from Boraston Hall itself.

Dead, Jocelyn Garth acknowledged his rights, as she would never have done of her own free will had he lived. All the world now knew that Adolphe Dalgarno had been her husband.

"I knew he was something very disagreeable the moment I set eyes on him," said Lady Carstairs by way of sympathizing with her neice, "but I never thought, Jocelyn, that he was ever anything so bad as that."

But Jocelyn's heart was more tender to him dead than it could ever have been alive. Her mind wandered back to the days when he had first called her wife. She had loved him then—and he had been the father of her child.

Aveline has a dim recollection of a tall, dark, handsome man who came to her one day in the nursery, and promised her all sorts of fairy things if she would come and live with him. But sometimes now she thinks it must have been all a dream, as she looks up into Godfrey Wharton's clear blue eyes, and calls him by the name of "father."

[THE END.]

WHEN THE SYSTEM IS RUN DOWN, and General Debility with Want of Appetite prevails, Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is well adapted to meet the patient's wants, whether child or adult. It overcomes acidity of the Stomach, and relieves Dyspepsia, aiding the digestive functions of the body, and restoring the normal strength. It is the best of Worm Medicines also, and rids the body of these distressing parasites. Get the large sized bottles when you want a Tonic.—Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

TO CURE INSOMNIA.—An excellent way to cure insomnia is to bandage the eyes with a handkerchief before retiring. The compress seems to drive away the blood from the eyes and so cure, or at least temporily relieve, that feeling so often experienced by sufferers from sleeplessness of trying to see in the dark.

BULLETS.—A scientific authority states that by saturating a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target. The course of the bullet is marked by a ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun.

THE SMALLEST.—A perfect steam engine weighing but three grains is the work of a Connecticut genius. The engine, boiler, governors and pumps all stand on a space only one-fourth of an inch in diameter and less than seven-sixteenths of an inch high. The engine has 148 distinct parts held together by fifty-two screws.

A NEW ANTIDOTE.—The discovery of a new chemical compound, nitrate of cobalt, is announced, and is said to be a most efficacious antidote to poisoning by cyanide of potassium or prussic acid. The discoverer, Dr. Johann Antal, a Hungarian chemist, tried the antidote first on animals, and afterward on 40 living persons who had been accidentally poisoned by prussic acid. In not a single case did the antidote prove a failure.

APPLES.—The medicinal value of apples is not half appreciated. To men of sedentary habits whose lives are sluggish the acids of the apple serve to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull or bring about jaundice, skin eruptions, and kindred evils. The malic acid of ripe apples, raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also true that such ripe fruits as the apple, pear, and plum, taken without sugar, diminish acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it, as is popularly but erroneously supposed. Their juices are converted into alkaline carbonate which tend to counteract acidity.

Farm and Garden.

STOCK.—Any farmer can improve his stock by selection of the best, but he will have to work many years to arrive at a point where he will be satisfied.

WELLS.—Under no circumstances allow water to stand near a well. Grade around the well, have it covered, and make drains to conduct waste water away rapidly.

HAY.—Selling hay off the farm is condemned in this country by all good farmers, yet one of the most successful farmers and experimenters in the country keeps only one cow, sells his hay, and makes the farm pay. This he does by the use of fertilizers and clover to keep up the fertility of his soil.

GARDENS.—One important point in arranging for a good garden is to put the ground in order in the fall so as to get an early start in the spring. The garden plot should be cleared of rubbish and broken up this month. It is a good plan to throw it up into ridges three or four feet wide, so as to allow the water to run off and leave the ground dry for early planting.

SHEEP.—When sheep are compelled to work for a living they may save food, but they will not gain in flesh. It is well enough to allow sheep to seek their food when something is growing, but after the winter sets in, the flock will not find enough food to keep the members in condition. Hundreds of flocks are kept in the woods and on hillsides without aid from their owners, but such sheep do not pay.

THE FUTURE.—The agriculture of the future will develop possibilities in the way of increased production that are almost undreamed of now. By our ordinary methods of sowing and cultivating the small grains we average about a twelvefold increase. An experiment in England with a single grain of barley has resulted in the production of a stalk which in its turn produced 249 other stalks, yielding 18,000 grains. Some of these days we shall see intensive methods applied to the production of grain crops, with results that are now hardly imagined.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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OUR NEW STORY.

Next week THE POST will begin a new and fascinating serial, under the title "BY UNSEEN HANDS; OR, WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?" by Wynne Wynters. It will be found full of strange and startling incidents. The scene is laid mainly in London, and moves among the most noted places of that world of adventure and mystery, while its well-drawn, striking and remarkable personages include the most interesting types of character known to the modern Babylon. Altogether we can assure our readers they will have a treat in "BY UNSEEN HANDS."

The Active Life.

There can be no doubt as to which is the better kind of life for mortals like ourselves—an active or an inactive one. In other planets the conditions of existence may be different, and the ideal life will also be different. But with us, and especially with those of us who live in the temperate zone of the world, the more stir and vigor the better we thrive; the more assured are we that we are acting up to our capacities.

According to George Sand, happiness itself consists in the untrammelled exercise of our faculties. Some would take exception to this definition. It seems to be rather a large order, as the saying is; nor does it take account of the various salutary restraints upon the freedom of the individual which civilization imposes. But within bounds it is a reasonable statement.

Even as a man may be said to dine badly if he can afford himself only a morsel of fried fish and a piece of bread; so the man who lives up to his faculties and finds entertainment and employment for every hour of his day is better off than his fellow who developes in but one direction, and fancies he fulfils his destiny by living laboriously in that one direction alone.

Our instincts are all for movement. In childhood our nurses realize this a good deal more than we do. It is a spontaneous impulse with us. Of course there are exceptions to the rule. But for these exceptions the doctor is called in, and them he doses with various invigorating and nasty medicines to bring them to their normal state and emphasize their innate appetite for mischievous or wanton activity.

The nursery quarrels and battles royal are all excusable, nay, natural incidents of childish life. Tender-minded aunts may, indeed, think very highly of the disposition of those little mortals who occupy themselves with picture-books, and love rather to be fondled and say sweet things about all with whom they come into touch. But grandmothers and other persons of experience shake their heads at such angelic conduct. There must be, they say, something wrong with the child's constitution. It would be a better augury for its future if it would get into a tearing passion and vex nurse by breaking things right and left, or even discolor its spotless pinafore with the blood of its own little brothers and sisters as a witness to its rampant pugnacity. They foresee the time when this subdued little one and its pretty ways shall no longer brighten the earth. A small green mound and a plaintive inscription shall proclaim to the world that it died because it lacked the usual elements of activity.

Our globe itself, we are told, is an aggregation of living molecules permeated by a force which keeps the molecules perpetually in motion. We are small samples of the planet we exhibit. The blood in our veins compels us to bestir ourselves. "Would you," it seems to say to us, "decompose in life? That is the fate of men and women who yield to a certain depraved torpor which comes to tempt them. They are like stagnant ponds in which divers noisome things breed, and which become unsightly and impure and choked with parasitical vegetation. You are meant to be as a flowing river, crystal clear and refreshing to the eye, good in yourself and a benefit to others. Therefore, obey the mandates I issue with each pulsation of your heart. Be active, and you shall have your reward."

The parallel thus suggested might profitably be pushed somewhat further. There is no denying that even in the present era of human life all our inclinations and desires are not of a convenient kind. Out of question, a life of activity is the best antidote to these perverse appetites in us. The stagnant pond holds all the garbage and foul things that are cast into it. They rot and fester in it and add to its impurity. It cannot but be so. There is no vent by which they can be driven out of the water they pollute. Not so the river. You may throw a dead dog into it. For a moment or two there is defilement; but the stream does not pause to dissect this unwelcome subject. It takes it and hurries it down its course, and at the first suitable spot sweeps it on to the bank or carries it headlong into the sea. Thus it gets rid of it. Nor is it then a whit the worse for the experience.

So with active and inactive persons. The man whose brain is concentrated on many objects, and whose hand itches to be at work upon them, each in due order, has no time to cherish into vigor the stray thoughts and germs of temptation and evil which drift into him. He does not harbor them. They float about like flower pollen in the air, and disappear without having found any fertilized resting-place. This is well for the man, though it is not so much himself as his aptitudes that are to be thanked for it.

But on the other hand, thousands and tens of thousands of us prove daily that there is no such soil for vice to fatten upon as idleness and inertia.

It is something of a truism to say that a man succeeds in proportion to the extent of his activities.

Some think that Carlyle, while living the life of a student, was all the while dying to be something much more active. It is extremely likely that there were moments in his life when he would even have enlisted, had a recruiting-sergeant been at hand to take advantage of his mood. But upon the whole we may doubt if he would have done better for himself in any other sphere than that he chose and to which he devoted himself so thoroughly. There was no lack of energy in his career, though objectively it was not apparent. The occasional growls which he vents against the literary life must not be taken too seriously. They merely mark the discontent of the natural man with the station of which he fancies he has long ago exhausted all the pleasures.

As a corrective to Carlyle on this point, Ernest Renan may be metioned. In his "Recollections" he is almost superlative in praise of the scholar's life. He would not vary his career if he were called upon to live it again. Yet even in him the instinct of energy at the back of all of us leads him to express the hope that he will die a quick, vigorous death—be shot or knocked on the head.

"Life must," we are told, "be active and vigorous, else death is preferable to it."

It is wholesome counsel. The Buddhist who gradually extinguishes his activities is not at all admirable to us. He thinks he thereby attains the kingdom of heaven. To us it appears that he is simply a lunatic.

DISINTERESTEDNESS is that power which enables us, when engaged in any occupation, in any train of thought, in any search for truth, or in any effort to do good to others, to put aside our own interests, and not allow them to influence our minds or to bias our judgment. Of course it is thus the very opposite of selfishness; but it is also something more than this. It implies a certain power of concentration, a singleness of purpose, a oneness of aim, which can and does for the time being banish from the mind all that is extraneous to the object we have on hand and fix our thoughts and desires upon it alone.

NOT merely is the absence of selfish or impure desires needful to clear the judgment and brighten the reason; the presence of warm sympathies and pure affections and enthusiasm for the right and the truth are also important elements. The cold heart, however impartial, cannot give that impetus to the intellect which the fervent impulse of a true and honorable soul will inspire. It is the glow of interest in the truth and love for the right which can best and most surely find out what is true and right, and follow it when found.

TRUE modesty is true humility put into practice. It is not the virtue of persons who are unreflecting, and are easily driven hither and thither by the untutored instincts and hasty impulses of their nature. On the contrary, the man of solid merit and ripe thought is more likely to be modest and retiring than the man of trifling pursuits, of imperfect education, and unmistakable mediocrity. This does not happen because the great man is ignorant of his great powers, or the good man of his good qualities.

IT is when we cease to press forward, when we choose the part of laggards, when we are satisfied and complacent, when we do not desire further achievement or long for more knowledge or seek for more truth, when we are content to fold our hands and rest upon our oars and drift with the tide that we are inconstant to our highest ideal and unfaithful to the voice of conscience. So long as our minds and hearts are growing will our ideals be rising and expanding and drawing us upward and onward to follow them.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

HIS faith is exceedingly limited who has no idea of any other miracles than those recorded in the Scriptures—who has no eye for the miracles that are continually going on within and around him.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. D.—Valentine is said to have been a bishop, who suffered martyrdom on that day under Claudius the Second, at Rome. The origin of the ancient custom of choosing a valentine has been the subject of much controversy.

W. B. S.—The nations that Paraguay was at war with from 1865 to 1870 were Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay. Lopez, who was the Dictator of Paraguay, provoked the war, which was ended by his death in battle, March 1, 1870.

Q. I. O.—The term "mugwumps" is, we are led to believe, of Indian origin, and signifies a chief, a noble. It is applied to that class of independent voters who have become more or less distinguished in the world of letters. The word is pronounced as spelled, with the accent on the first syllable.

D. L. R.—If the Sahara were converted into a salt water lake, it would have the effect of making the climate of the South of Europe a little moister, and would moderate or prevent the distressingly hot and dry wind, which sometimes afflicts Italy. Some good engineers think the plan of flooding the Sahara impracticable.

VANBURGH.—It is thought by some that the pistol was so named from the city of Pistoja, Italy, where pistols were first made; but others think the word was derived from Latin pestillum, pestle, because the first pistols looked much like the pestle of a mortar. The word pistol was used by Shakespeare in 1599 and 1600, but there is nothing in its employment by him to show that it meant a firearm.

J. DAVIS.—The history of Canada is that of its constituent provinces up to 1867, when the present federal union was affected. Manitoba, and the North-west Territory were admitted in 1870, the Dominion Government having purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, its former governmental rights over these regions. British Columbia entered the Confederacy in 1871 and Prince Edward Island followed in 1873.

PAGE LUA.—You have asked a question which only the husband and wife can answer for themselves. Questions of religion are hardly matters for discussion in our correspondence columns. If the gentleman married the lady knowing her creed, and with the full understanding that she would worship in her own way, he should not cavil at her doing so now that she is his wife. There is no reason why difference of religion should break up a home; it is the very last thing that should cause any quarrel; can you not try what a little "give and take" will do.

S. W.—The mad-stone is a light, porous stone of a greenish color, said to possess the property of drawing the venom from the bite of a mad dog or other animal affected with the rabies. From what we have read, it is a species of sandstone, and when it is applied to the wound, it readily adheres, acting as an absorbent, and only relaxes its power when the poison is all absorbed. In our researches we have only been able to pick up fragmentary information on the subject, but it is of such a character that we do not feel we have a right to question its authenticity.

G. R.—There are two great zones of fracture, running all round the earth, where the crust seems to be thinner and less stable than on the rest of the earth's surface. The courses of these zones are marked by lines of volcanoes and disturbances of the earth. One of them runs in a general north and south direction, following, on the European continent, the line of the Andes and Rocky Mountains. The other runs roughly east and west. As the two intersect in Central America, it is not to be wondered at that the "too solid earth" is not by any means as solid there are elsewhere.

F. J. ALLEN.—There are various causes of rheumatism, such as sudden changes of temperature, exposure to draughts, sleeping in a damp bed, &c. It may also be hereditary, which, although not showing itself for years, will be suddenly developed by a slight cold. A faulty digestion is also a great cause of this troublesome and painful affliction. The precise nature of the poisonous principle introduced into the blood in such cases has never been satisfactorily determined, various theories being entertained by different physicians. It is generally believed to be what is known as lactic acid. It would be advisable in your case to consult the family physician, who is, no doubt, thoroughly acquainted with any predisposing causes existing in your family.

ROBIN.—To effectually prevent the ravages of moths in furs and woollen clothing, thoroughly beat the articles with a thin rattan, air them for several hours, and (in the case of furs) carefully comb them with a clean comb, wrap them up in newspapers, perfectly tight, and put away in an air-tight, tin-lined chest. They should be taken out, examined, beaten thoroughly, and placed in the sun at least once a month. In your case, the only sure remedy of which we are cognizant is to bake the furs in an oven at a temperature below that which would scorch them. You may get rid of the pests by exposing the furs to the sun, although it is a very hard matter when they have once obtained a lodgment. It is not the moth, but the maggots of the moth, that do the mischief, and heat is the only thing that will effectually kill them. The eggs are deposited in the early spring, and therefore you should put the furs and woollen articles away at that time in the manner described above.

LOVE'S VISION.

BY J. H.

The happy hours of childhood
Have fleetly pass'd away,
And left no ray of comfort
To cheer me on my way.
The dark and thorny paths of life
Alone I now must tread,
Without one fond companion
To soothe my aching head.

Like some lone, blighted flower am I,
Which Summer hours have spared
To be uprooted by the blast,
Unwept for and uncared.
Then, since life's brightest star is hid
'Mid clouds of darkest hue,
I'll cast my eyes to Heaven above,
And bid this world adieu.

The Ball Cartridge.

BY H. H.

THE Napier parade-ground at Karachi lay deserted under the glowing rays of the morning sun; but a crescendo blare of tumultuous music, which came from behind the echeloned barrack blocks, multiplied into something very like discord by the echoes from the great buildings, gave notice of speedy occupation. As the band rounded the farthest block, the echoes ceased, and the full melody of "The Campbells are comin'" rang out clear and crisp while Her Majesty's 110th Regiment of the Line—better known as "The Queen's Own Hamilton Highlanders"—defiled in fours on to the parade ground eight hundred strong. The battalion was returning from practising a new skirmishing drill with blank cartridge on the sandy scrub at the rear of the barracks. When the last files were well clear of the barracks, the Colonel turned his horse aside from the head of the regiment; quarter column was smartly formed on the leading company, and the word was given to halt and stand at ease. At a sign from the chief, the officers fell out and grouped themselves round him; the men were called to attention, and the parade was dismissed. In a moment the orderly formation was dissolved into a swarming mass of hungry soldiers hurrying to their respective barrack rooms intent on breakfast.

But the Colonel still sat motionless on his horse in the centre of the parade-ground, surrounded by his officers. This was the time at which, if anything had gone wrong with the drill, he would improve the occasion and administer a soldierly lecture to the delinquent; but to-day all the latest joined subalterns had clear consciences—the drill had been performed without a blunder, and there seemed to be no reason why the customary "Good-morning, gentlemen," should not be spoken at once. There was no cloud on the Colonel's hard-featured but kindly face; he appeared only thoughtful, and as though he were waiting. As a matter of fact, that is just what he was doing. As soon as the last laggard of the rank and file had passed beyond the possibility of hearing, he looked down on the upturned faces round him and said very quietly: "Gentlemen, I know you will be sorry to hear what I have to tell you. Twice this morning in the course of the practice I was shot at with ball cartridge."

Discipline prevailed, and no one spoke; but the little group unconsciously pressed nearer, and the combination of suppressed emotion yielded a sound like a long-drawn sigh. The Colonel, keenly in touch with those confronting him, evidently felt, and was moved by, the angry horror his announcement had called forth; he stooped down and patted his charger's neck before proceeding: "It is not the first time. On Tuesday I thought I heard a bullet pass close to me; but not being positively certain, I decided, for the credit of the regiment, to say nothing. To-day there was no room for doubt. One ball just cleared my left shoulder, within a couple of inches of my ear; the other, as you see, made its mark. Both shots were fired in quick succession when I was on the rough ground at the rear of the hospital." He held up his bridle arm, and, plainly visible to every one was a bullet-hole through the sleeve cuff.

The sight was too much for the Senior Major—comrade and trusty friend of the Colonel's since they fought side by side as boy ensigns at Alma. Throwing parade-ground etiquette to the winds, he blurted out: "Good heavens, Macleod, you're not hit, are you?" while an excited murmur of surmise and suggestion began to be audible among the others.

The Colonel held up his hand again—for silence this time. "I did not detain you, gentlemen," he said, "to discuss the matter here, but merely to inform you of what has happened, so that company officers may endeavor to put their finger on the man who fired at me. At the same time, you are to take it as a positive order not to let a suspicion of this get out. Tell no one but the Color-sergeants, and impress it on them that they are only taken into confidence in order to assist your inquiries. If I find that so much as a rumor gets about among the men or outside, I'll break every Color-sergeant in the regiment. For the honor of the corps, we must discover the delinquent without any fuss, and that being so, directly you have a clue, you report to me before making an arrest. In the meanwhile, this is not to be referred to at mess or anywhere in public. I think that is all, gentlemen; I thank you for your sympathy, and bid you good-morning."

Colonel Macleod turned his horse towards the officers' lines, and rode off slowly, accompanied by the two Majors and the Adjutant. The unmounted officers strolled after in twos and threes in the same direction, and it was a relief to them to hear the chief, now that the stiffness of "duty" etiquette was relaxed, explaining to his companions that he was quite unhurt. For Colonel Macleod was adored by officers and men alike. Stern and unbending enough on duty and in the field, in private he was the guide, counsellor, and friend of every one. To all ranks the Colonel's person and the honor of the Hamilton Highlanders were the two most sacred things on earth.

And now both these cherished possessions had been threatened with startling suddenness by the foul deed of the morning. Small wonder was it that those to whose astonished ears the secret had been entrusted should be agitated and anxious as they sought their quarters. The chief point in the minds of all was the utter absence of motive; for "crime," in the military sense, was almost non-existent in the happy and contented ranks of the regiment, and punishment, with its consequent heart-burnings, was therefore a rarity. The Colonel had not even had occasion to confine a man to barracks for nearly a year.

"It is the act of a madman; one of the men must have gone suddenly mad," said Stuart Dalzell, the only subaltern of G Company present with the battalion, as he paced by the side of Alec Fraser, his captain.

"That is the only explanation I can see which would not involve disgrace," replied the other thoughtfully.

"Is there not the alternative of accident?" asked Dalzell. "It is not unknown in other regiments for ball cartridge to get mixed with the blank ammunition."

"That must be left out of the question in this case," said Fraser. "The fact of the Colonel having been narrowly missed on Tuesday, and again twice to-day, bars such a supposition. If there had been any mistaken in the ammunition, the odds are a hundred to one that some one else beside the chief would have heard, or felt, the bullets. There is some influence at work more dangerous than error, I fear; and if I am right in my judgment, it concerns you and me rather more closely than the other fellows. Here we are at my bungalow. Come in, Dalzell, and I will tell you what I mean."

Captain Fraser led the way on to the verandah, where several Bombay chairs were set out ready for guests, after the hospitable fashion of the East. Motioning his companion to be seated, before joining him, he called his Hindu servant and told him to run over to the barracks and tell Sergeant Ferguson to come to the bungalow as soon as he had finished breakfast. Then he sat down by his friend and subaltern, and put into words a suspicion which was already half formed in the minds of both.

"I see by your face that you have guessed the drift of my hint, Dalzell," he began. "The scoundrel or lunatic who is at the bottom of this outrage belongs to G Company as sure as you and I sit here. On us two and on Ferguson—for he must help us—lies the onus of saving dear old Macleod from the danger that thre tens him. The worst of it is that our success in that direction, which we must move heaven and earth to attain, will most likely mean everlasting ignominy to the regiment and our own company in particular."

"You arrive at this conclusion from the position of G Company at the time the shots were fired—that is to say, when the Colonel was among the boulders at the back of the hospital?" said Dalzell.

"Quite so," replied Fraser. "As you doubtless remember, our company was at right angles to the boulders some five hundred yards away, and was firing hard during the few minutes the Colonel pulled up there. It is true other companies in our half-battalion were firing also; but they were extended much farther out on the plain, and a shot from them would not have pierced Macleod's cuff laterally in a neat hole, like that. Had the ball come from either extremity of the line, the sleeve would have been ripped lengthwise."

The Lieutenant made no reply for a few moments. He sat abstractedly staring at the sandy plain, and then he said: "All that you suggest is terribly true, Fraser, and yet, somehow, it seems incomprehensible. All the men in our company are such good fellows; even the last batch of recruits are as nice a lot of lads as ever joined us. Before parade this morning, I would have trusted my life to any one of them, and I'm not at all sure that I would not do so still. Is it not just on the cards that there may be some native devilry at the bottom of this?"

"That is a little too far-fetched, I am afraid," returned Fraser. "The country all round is as flat as a billiard table, and we used every available inch of cover ourselves. A murderously inclined native, even did such a one exist, could not have passed unnoticed. But here comes Ferguson; let us hear whether he can help us."

The Color-sergeant of G Company was a splendid specimen of the Highland soldier—a great black-bearded man, from whose six feet two of stately growth the drills of twenty years had failed to knock quite all the loose-limbed lissomeness of his mountaineering youth. There were many veterans in the corps who had fought in Afghanistan and in Egypt; but for personal prowess in the field, the record of this stern-visaged warrior out-distanced those of all his comrades. Was it not written in the chronicles of the regiment that his strong right arm had saved the colors at Maiwand; and was not the ribbon on the V.C. on his breast in token that he had snatched Colonel Macleod, sorely wounded, from among the Arab spears at El Teb? Fraser and Dalzell, watching him step on to the veranda and stiffening visibly as he approached his officers, could not help thinking that but for the Colonel's injunction, if Ferguson ever had the handling of him, it would go hard with the miscreant who had tried to undo that brave rescue.

The Color-sergeant halted with a salute in front of the Bombay chairs, and stood waiting. Captain Fraser knew his man too well to beat about the bush and try to break the news to him gently. The soldierly qualities of the veteran required soldierly treatment, and his officer was aware that whether he got it first or last, the shock would be the same, and its effect equally well concealed.

"Ferguson," said Fraser, the Colonel was shot at this morning on parade—with ball cartridge, you understand—and from the position he occupied at the time, I am inclined to think the bullets came from G Company. Can you suggest any clue which may help to trace the scoundrel or madman who fired them?"

The angry glare in the Sergeant's eyes and a quiver of the nostrils were the only sign he gave, except that there was a scarce perceptible tremor in his voice as he made answer: "It must have been an accident, sir; there's nae lad in G Company—ay, nor in a' the regiment, would willingly put his hand to a sic a dastardly deed."

Fraser hastened to inform Ferguson of the previous attempt on the preceding Tuesday, which had put the idea of accident beyond the bounds of reasonable conjecture.

"It's nae matter," said the Color-sergeant. "Sic an accident as that wad be waur than a crime. I'm glad to ken that it is neither, by your honor's showing. Some puir body among the lads has been stricken daft, and done this thing; but I canna say who—before to-morrow night."

Both the officers started in surprise. "You suspect some one, then?" exclaimed Dalzell. "You have noticed a strangeness in the manner of one of the men, and wish to verify your suspicions?"

"In that case, Sergeant," added Fraser, "it is your duty to confide your suspicions to us. This is a serious affair, in which we have the Colonel's positive orders not to act definitely without informing him. It is my belief that if he can see his way to preventing a repetition of the attempt, he will move heaven and earth to hush the whole thing up."

"I wadna tak' upon mysel to act in the matter except under orders, sir," replied the Color-sergeant, "the mair especially as I hae nae mair suspicion than a bairn. It is just that suspicion I'm after getting, and by your honor's leave, I'll get it to-morrow night."

"How do you mean to go to work?" asked the Captain.

"I ken nae guid it will do tellin' ye, sir. Seein' that I'll e'en tak the risk o't mysel, ye maun let me hae my ain way, and no speak ae word," replied Ferguson.

Now, the Color-sergeant was a privileged old soldier, and might on ordinary occasions have presumed a great deal more than he was in the habit of doing; but under the circumstances, his answer was a little more than the Captain of his company could stand.

"Nonsense, Ferguson," said the latter sharply. "You will either inform me at once what steps you mean to take, or take no steps at all. That is an order, mind; and please, remember that the Colonel's life may depend upon your decision. There will be another blank-firing parade the day after to-morrow, and he is not the man to absent himself because of what happened to-day."

The Color-sergeant was still standing at attention, and his fingers clawed convulsively at the seams of his trews as he listened to the alternatives thus plainly placed before him; but he chose the one Fraser had expected, prefacing his explanation with: "Ye may ca' me a fule, sir; but I ken better than that." And then he told how he had scraped acquaintance with one Rajab Ali, a native of Surat, who had recently established himself in the Sudder Bazaar, ostensibly as an astrologer, but who, to justify the Sergeant's evident belief in him, must have been a past Master of the Black Art as well. According to Ferguson, Rajab Ali had the means, either by the cards or by the divining rod, of unveiling what was hidden in the past, the present, or the future. He, the Sergeant, had been privileged to test the astrologer's marvellous powers, and he had little doubt but that the latter would be able to cope with the mystery which was puzzling them. He was to meet Rajab by appointment at the rear of the barracks on the following night, when he was to be favored with a further demonstration, and he would take the opportunity of getting this matter cleared up once for all.

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Fraser smiled incredulously, and then his face was clouded with a shade of disappointment. He had been pinning his faith to the practical assistance of his shrewd old subordinate, and now the latter had nothing to offer but a rather out-of-date sample of Highland superstition. What was worse, the Captain was half inclined to think that Rajab Ali and his divining rod were only being exploited as a substitute for more sensible methods of detection, because Ferguson obstinately refused to believe in the possible guilt of any member of his company.

"Come, Ferguson," said Fraser; "this is no time for tomfoolery of that kind. Besides, you forget the Colonel's orders not to blab the affair to any one. You will best show your zeal by going back to barracks and checking the amount of ball cartridge in your charge. By comparing the result with the musketry sergeant's register of every shot fired on the ranges, it may be possible to trace the cartridges that were used. At any rate, that will be a more sensible way of going to work than questioning a native impostor whose first task will be to bandy a garbled account of the case about the bazaars."

"I didna mean heckling the body, or confidin' onything to him, sir," replied Ferguson ruefully. "I should only ask him to show me what I most desire to see—same as he showed me my auld mither's face in a pool of ink in his hand a while agone. Mayhap, this time I should behold the daftie who did this deil's wark. I will make a return of receipts from magazine and ammunition in stock and bring them with the musketry registers, sir," added the Sergeant quickly, noting the growing impatience on his officer's face.

"Let me have them by noon," said Fraser shortly; and Ferguson, seeing that the interview was at an end, saluted and retired with knitted brows. The Captain and Lieutenant watched him striding away across the parade-ground, and it was not till he had passed far beyond hearing that Dalzell broke silence.

"I suppose you were right," he said, "to put a damper on his ardor in that direction; but do you know I have got a sort of feeling—I won't go to the length of calling it a presentiment—that perhaps this fellow Rajab might after all put us on the right scent."

Fraser stared at his subaltern in asto-

nishment. "You don't mean to tell me, Stuart, that you believe in magic and such-like?" he exclaimed.

"No," said the other; "I do not; and yet the motive—not the reason—which sets me hankering after this Surati astrologer's acquaintance is pretty nearly the same, I expect, as that which makes the Sergeant so keen on consulting him. I mean that Ferguson has absolute faith in the lads of G Company, and will clutch at any straw rather than try of his own initiative to fasten suspicion on any one of them. That is precisely my case. I suggested just now that native mischief might somehow be at the bottom of the attempt on Macleod. I do not believe in Rajab Ali's magic; but I know that if he is as cunning and omniscient as the majority of the rascals of his profession, it is just on the cards that he may hold the key of the situation. The mere fact, too, of finding a native of that class on a friendly footing in the barracks, seems to me, under the circumstances, to be itself worthy of investigation."

"What do you propose, then?" asked Frazer.

"With your leave," replied Dalzell, "I should like to be with Ferguson at the interview which it is very plain our obstinate old friend means having with Rajab to-morrow night. If I can work it so as to be myself unseen by the native, so much the better, and at any rate my presence would be a guarantee that the Colonel's wish for secrecy was respected."

"Have it your own way," said Frazer. "I think you will waste your time; but I cannot see any harm in the idea. And now we had better tub, and go and get some breakfast at mess."

* * * * * *

The five great stone barrack blocks stood out gaunt and clear in the silver beams of an Indian full moon. In front, on the parade-ground side, there was bustle and life in plenty; for, though the sun had set two hours ago, it was not yet late, and the canteen and recreation rooms were still open. But in the rear, where the sandy wilderness stretched right up to the barrack walls, all was deserted and silent, save for the cries of the jackals in the distant scrub waiting for the "lights-out" bugle to encourage them for their nightly prowl round the cook-houses. These necessary offices consisted of small detached buildings placed behind, and some little way from the main blocks, so that the smells and the refuse should not be a danger and an annoyance to the soldiers. At the time in the evening the Portuguese cooks had long since gone to their homes in the bazaar; and in the ordinary course the cook-houses would have been locked up and left to themselves till it was time to prepare the men's breakfasts in the morning.

To night, however, it appeared that the bobaji khana belonging to G Company was to be in request for a rendezvous. The gong at the quarter guard had just struck eight, when two men came round the corner of the block and entered the cook-house. Dalzell had found the Sergeant quite willing to allow him to witness his interview with the astrologer, and even eager to adopt a course which he evidently regarded as certain to obtain another convert to the mystic art. For Ferguson placed more reliance than ever on his preceptor Rajab, seeing that the scrutiny of the ammunition and of the registers had failed to yield further information than that four ball cartridges were missing from the company chest, but that every man had properly accounted for each round served out to him.

The Color-sergeant ushered his officer into the cook-house, and pointed out how he could see and hear everything that passed by stationing himself at an unglazed window at the back.

"The chiel has eyes like search-lights, sir," he said as he prepared to go outside; "see ye must e'en keep yoursel in the shadow. Mayhap he would refuse to display his quality, if so be as he thocht he was o'er-lookit."

"How did you first pick this chap up, Ferguson?" asked Dalzell, settling himself in his hiding-place.

The Sergeant paused on the threshold, and for a moment seemed puzzled to find an answer. "It was he that picked me up, sir, I suppose—when I come to think of it," he replied at last. "I was walking in the bazaar a month back, and he came up and said in Hindustani he should be pleased to read me the voice of the stars. They a' ken in barracks that I am partial to speerin', after spirits and sic things. Mayhap he had heard it frae some of the lads. But whisht!—here he comes."

Ferguson stepped into the open, shutting the door behind him; and Dalzell crouched by the window, to watch for the upshot of events. He had not long to wait. Half a minute later the Color-sergeant came into view, conversing in Hindustani with a tall lithe native, whose white garments and carefully arranged turban proclaimed him to be of better substance than the usual run of mendicant jugglers. As they came into line with the window, Ferguson halted, and suggested that there, under cover of the cook-house, they would be free from observation—a proposition to which Rajab, after a hasty glance round, gave his ascent. The moonlight fell full on his face, and Dalzell, peering from his lair, not six feet away, thought he had never seen such wonderful eyes before. There was nothing shifty or snake-like about them; they were calm and steadfast enough; but they glowed like two balls of liquid fire.

"And what does the Sergeant Sahib order his slave to show him to-night?" began Rajab, when they had finished their greetings. "The moon is in the ninth house, and the period is very favorable for seeing visions."

"Show me the countenance of the man I must desire to see," replied Ferguson, speaking in the vernacular, with which his ten years' Indian service had familiarised him.

Taking a phial from the fold of his garment, Rajab poured the inky contents into the Sergeant's outstretched palm, bidding him at the same time fix his eyes on his own. Dalzell, watching closely, noticed a strange dreamy look spread over Ferguson's face, while his eyes began to wear a dazed, scared expression.

"The beggar is hypnotising him!" thought the Lieutenant to himself. "I wonder if—— But no; it cannot be."

His train of ideas was interrupted by the voice of the astrologer addressing the Sergeant in tones of low but peremptory command. "There is a Colonel's parade to-morrow," began Rajab. "You will provide yourself with the rounds of ball cartridge from the company chest. In the course of the drill, you will aim at Macleod Sahib's heart, taking care that you are unobserved. If the first bullet fails its mark, you will use the second. And you will dismiss from your mind all knowledge of what you are doing and whence you received these instructions. Except that you will carry out these behests, you will be in all respects as an innocent man. You are to believe that the ball cartridges which you fire at the Colonel Sahib are blank, both before and after the deed. Will you do my bidding?"

Dalzell, listening horror-struck, heard Ferguson's voice make answer in far-off sounding tones: "I will do your bidding."

"Now look into your hand," said Rajab.

The Color-sergeant obeyed.

"I behold my own face."

"That will serve as well as another," proceeded the juggler, removing his gaze for the first time. "You can return to the lower world."

Slowly and heavily, Ferguson blinked his way back to sense and self-control again. When the juggler had given his victim time for recovery, he asked in his orginal servile tones: "And was a vision vouchsafed to the Sergeant Sahib?"

"No," was the reply—"at least not the one I sought. I beheld but my own face reflected in my hand. You have failed to-night, Rajab."

"Something you heard while you were looking at the fluid may have distracted you?" suggested the native.

"It couldn't have been that," replied the Sergeant. "Why, I only gazed for a moment, and you did not speak the while."

"'Tis well," said Rajab. "The failure is not of man, but of the stars, and their poor servant is not responsible. Perchance on the next occasion they will be more propitious. And now, fare you well, for it is getting late, and I have other work to do." And with a deferential salaam to the Sergeant, he turned and glided away towards the native city.

Ferguson waited till he had gone some way, and then joined Dalzell at the door of the cook-house. The two walked towards the barracks together. The Lieutenant did not speak; he was thinking with all his might.

"A failure to-night, sir," remarked the Sergeant, after waiting vainly for his superior's comment. "My ain face, too! Had he just been pokin' fun at me, he couldna weel hae jokit mair reasonably."

They had reached the point where Dalzell's way would lead to the mess. Get back to your quarters," he said rapidly. "You must not be missed. I am sorry our errand has been fruitless; but I did not expect much from it. Good-night;" and in his hurry to rid himself of the man he wished to spare, he almost pushed the other away. Ferguson disappeared into the barrack, wondering at his officer's haste to return to mess.

The moment he was out of sight, Dalzell changed his course, and running back behind the barracks, started in pursuit of the vile wretch whose scheme he meant to frustrate. His mind was made up. He must overtake Rajab at all hazards, and compel him to come before the Colonel, whose first feeling, he felt sure, would be sympathy for the innocent instrument. How to punish the criminal without letting Ferguson know how nearly he had slain his beloved chief, was a nut for Macleod to crack; but Dalzell knew he would move heaven and earth to manage it, for to a man of the Color-sergeant's temperament, a revelation of his unconscious act would mean madness or suicide.

The young officer came up with the flitting white figure just beyond the jail, where the road begins and the desert gives way gradually to the habitations of half-caste camp followers. The man saw that he was pursued, and quickened his pace; but Dalzell's long legs gave the quarry no chance. Two minutes after Rajab knew that he was followed, the Lieutenant's grip was on his shoulder. "Come back with me, Rajab," said Dalzell quietly; "you are wanted at the Colonel's bungalow."

The Surati was panting violently; but he appeared in no way disconcerned, and tried hard to fix his captor with those fatal eyes. Dalzell, knowing his danger, kept his averted; he thought it advisable, too, to show the revolver he had brought with him. Rajab bowed meekly and obeyed; but for half a second, unseen of the other, his hand was plunged into the bosom of his white robe.

For some distance they walked in silence, and it was not till they were nearing the cantonments that Dalzell decided to put two questions to his prisoner. "Your only chance of life is to speak the truth," he said; "for your wickedness is known. What have you against our Colonel that you have done this thing?"

Rajab caught his foot in a stone and staggered as he made reply, and his voice sounded weak and thin. The Colonel Sahib was President of the court-martial which sentenced my brother, Gholom Bux, of the 3d Bombay Cavalry, to penal servitude," he said. "I have sworn to avenge him, and I used my gift—that is all."

"And what," pursued Dalzell, "will be the effect on the Sergeant of your treatment of him? Now that he will be prevented from doing your scoundrelly work to-morrow, will he always remain under the spell and make further attempts on other occasions?"

Rajab made no answer; and Dalzell looking down at him, saw that he was shivering as if ague struck. "Nearly dead with funk," thought the young officer, and repeated the question.

"The spell only refers to to-morrow," replied Rajab very slowly. "You need have no fear. Allah has willed it that the Colonel Sahib should live, and that I Rajab, the son of Hyder the juggler, should die." And even as he spoke, he fell—a heap of crumpled white linen—on the sandy road. Dalzell, stooping over him, caught a whiff of the deadly churrus—the concentrated and strongly poisonous form of Indian hemp or hashish—and knew that his prisoner had solved the difficulty he had foreseen. The question of punishment would not arise, for Rajab Ali, self-slain, had gone to his own place.

Half an hour later, Dalzell related his evening's experience to Frazer, and together they sought the Colonel, who at once decided that Ferguson must never know his share in the dead man's misdeeds. Colonel Macleod went on the sick list, and was absent from parade next day; while the finding of the dead body of a native in the cantonment road was matter of very little moment to any one except to the Color-sergeant of G Company, who to this day deplores the untimely end of the seer, who would, sooner or later, he feels sure, have shown him the 'daftie who fired at the Colonel."

In his "Recollections of a Virginian" the author tells of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians they will accept it in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians it is a deal too good for them."

The Margrave's Choice.

BY D. T.

IT was the close of a sultry Summer's day in the mountainous and woody country of Risenbach, in Germany. Along a rugged road winding through narrow defiles, bounded by rough crags, or through wooded vales, surrounded by high mountains, rode a solitary horseman. Jaded seemed the horse, dusty and fatigued the rider; weary as he appeared, however, his was a noble bearing; his head firm and erect, his eye proud and sparkling, and the short dark moustache that shaded his upper lip failed to conceal the firm though suniable expression of his curving lips. Many a weary mile had he ridden alone, and not a habitation had he seen; and he would have given anything for the sight of the meanest hut, that he might refresh himself and steed. Suddenly an abrupt curve in the path disclosed a fair and welcome scene. Beneath lay a beautiful vale, well wooded, and threaded by a winding stream; beyond rose high mountains, stretching away blue and distant, as far as the eye could reach. Half way down the height on the bow of which the traveler was now standing, curled the smoke from some building, evidently extensive, but so surrounded by woods that it was impossible to distinguish farther than that the dwelling was inhabited.

Dismounting, the traveler led his tired steed down the precipitous and narrow path, and after a few minutes arrived at the entrance to the grounds of an ancient residence. The large gate was much dilapidated, the stone pillars on each side were crumbling away with age, the carved figures with which they were surmounted were overgrown with moss and weeds, and the trees had met over the gateway, and grown so low that the traveler had to bend his head to escape entanglement. On entering he saw an antiquated lodge hid among the trees, but so ruinous and overgrown with trees and shrubs, that it was evidently uninhabited. He now found himself in a long and winding avenue, sheltered on each side by trees. Along this he proceeded, still leading his horse by the bridle, till at length he arrived at an old postern gate curiously carved. He struck the gate several times with the hilt of his sword, but receiving no answer, he repeated his blows, till at length, wearied with waiting, he opened the portal, the rustiness of the lock being the only hindrance. Scarcely had he done so, when a flood of such delicious music burst on his ears, that he closed his eyes, lest the real objects before him might break the spell of sweet delusion, or prevent him from imagining himself in fairy realms. It was a woman's, rich and sweet, pouring forth one of those airs, weird and dream-like joyous, yet melting the heart with its wild gaiety, which Germany alone produces, and which are only heard to perfection when sung with German words. Ere the song was half finished the young traveler had shaken off the spell that bound him, and had opened his eyes, eager to ascertain what fairy form was the possessor of this magic voice.

The postern gate disclosed a large courtyard, paved with flag stones, between which sprang up tall grass and wild flowers. It was surrounded by old trees with gnarled and twisted trunks. About fifty yards from the gate rose a beautiful moss grown ruin, evidently part of some old castle. Perched, bird-like, on the summit of one of the towers, sat a beautiful form. Thin white garments floated around her. Her hands were clasped round her knee; her bright golden hair fell over her shoulders, and down her flushed cheeks. With head thrown back and lips apart, this lovely girl was gazing upward, her blue eyes fixed on the evening star.

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"And thou wilt leave us, Heinrich?" said a sweet, mournful voice.

"Not of my own free will, dear Lina. Can you not trust me, and believe that it is so?"

"Ah—yes. But we were always so lonely till you came; and now you are going——" A sigh concluded the sentence.

"You will miss me, then, and also think of Heinrich sometimes?"

"Yes, for we have nothing else to occupy our thoughts," she replied, simply. "But you will forget Rosbach, when you are in the gay cities."

"I shall never forget its fairy queen," he said, gally.

"Ah," said Lina, "but in absence—at least, so I have heard—one always forgets: and you may never see me again."

"If I thought that it would be so," he began, passionately; and then said, in a quieter tone, "but it will not—we shall meet again."

And so Adelina von Rosbach, the beautiful object of the moss-grown tower, and Heinrich Steine, the traveler who, dusty and weary, had sought shelter under the hospitable roof of Baron Rosbach a few weeks previously, talked on. But how came it that rest for one night was protrated into a stay of weeks? It was thus: Lina having disappeared within the tower, Heinrich, proceeding through the courtyard and past the ruin, had arrived at a part of the castle which was not ruinous, and which, moreover, was inhabited by substantial realities, in lieu of fairy visions. The hospitable possessor of this ancient castle, the Baron von Rosbach, had cordially opened his gates to him, only too glad to receive a visitant from the outer world, from whom he might gather news of the Court, the city, and their ruler, the good old Margrave of Rissenbach; for the baron in this, his ancestral castle, lived quite remote from the world.

Heinrich proving an agreeable guest, the baron was loath to part with him, and therefore entreated him the next day to join him and a few others in a shooting party. Influenced by the sweet eyes of the beautiful Lina, Heinrich accepted the invitation. During the day, one of the party, leaping a wall, gun in hand, caught his foot and fell; his gun exploded, and the ball lodged in Heinrich's foot. He was carried to Castle Rosbach, insensible, from the pain. A surgeon was summoned, but it was far on in the night ere he arrived; fever had now set in, and might, he said, be many weeks ill, and would require gentle and careful nursing.

The only female domestic in the castle (except the maid in the kitchen) was the old housekeeper, and she being aged, deaf, and dim of sight, Lina entreated that she might assist old Lisbeth to nurse him; her father yielded to her entreaties, and she took up the position of head nurse. Ah, how carefully she watched by his bside! how she anticipated every want, and how many sleepless nights she passed by his couch, when he was delirious! And then, when he was recovering, it was Lina who read to him, who talked to him, and it was Lina who first proposed that his couch should be carried into the open air, under the willow tree.

Ah! what pleasant hours those were for Heinrich, still weak, and reclining on his couch, as he listened to Lina's voice, reading, or singing one of those wild melodies which she sang with such pathos; or as he watched her sweet, downcast face, while listening to the baron's conversation.

At length the day came when those pleasant readings and conversations must end. The baron took leave of his guest with much regret—Lina silent, but tearful. But she had balm for her sorrow; did he not love her? was she not sure, almost sure, that he did? though he had never told her so in plain words.

* * * * * *

More than a year has passed since the events just narrated took place, and nearly a year since the good old Margrave of Rissenbach was laid with his forefathers. He was succeeded in the government of the margraviate by his son, Otho, whose mother, the margravine, had just been giving him some wise counsels, and and was now speaking of marriage.

"My son," said she, "marry none but a woman of your own land. There are two ladies now at this Court, with either of whom I should be well content for my son's bride."

There was a slight smile on the margrave's handsome lips as she said, "Their names, mother?"

"The Lady Hilda von Zandrof, and the Lady Adelina von Rosbach," she replied; "they are both noted for their beauty. Hilda, in addition, possesses wit, pride, and wealth; Adelina, gentleness and modesty. Hilda you have seen; Adelina has till very lately lived in some old castle in the country, her father having, I believe, been very poor; but a legacy from a distant relation has now enabled him to appear in Linstadt, and to introduce his daughter. I have a portrait of Adelina."

"Indeed," said Otho; then he added, carelessly, "is she as beautiful as Hilda von Zandrof?"

"You shall judge for yourself," said the margravine.

She rang her hand-bell, and desired the woman who attended to bring her mother-of-pearl casket; this done, and the woman dismissed, she placed the portrait, which she drew from the casket, in her son's hand.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured, pressing the miniature to his lips; he gazed on it for some minutes with rapture, and then suddenly broke out, "Mother, I shall wed Adelina von Rosbach."

"My son!" exclaimed the margravine, astonished at this hasty determination.

"Not a word, mother," said he, smiling: "I am firm. Surely I may choose my own bride."

"But Otho," remonstrated the margravine, you have never seen her!"

"Her portrait is beautiful," said he, "and you like her."

"But, my son, tastes differ, and——"

"Objections are unless, mother mine: I am firm."

So, with all due form, the honor of an alliance with the baron's daughter was solicited. Several days passed, and no answer. At length one arrived—a polite, but firm refusal. The baron was fully aware of the honor done to his daughter, and he would have been proud of such an alliance, but his daughter was wilful, and would have nothing to say to it. She had announced her intention, if pressed further, of entering a convent. This was the sum of the letter.

The margravine was furious with the baron and his daughter for their "audacity;" with her son for "exposing himself to insult." Her son, on the other hand, was perfectly cool and undaunted, in nowise relinquishing his purpose; and the margravine said that he must have lost his senses.

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"The girl is as obstinate as my own," said the margravine to herself; then aloud to the fair creature at her side, "But, Lina, do not decide so hastily; will you not let my son plead for herself?"

"It would be useless, madam," she replied; "it is impossible that I could ever wed with the margravine."

"And why, child?"

Lina hid her face in her hands, and sobbed deeply. At a sign from a tall figure which had just entered the apartment, the margravine withdrew.

"Lina," whispered a well-known voice in the maiden's ears.

"Heinrich!" she cried; and the next moment he had clasped her, sobbing, in his arms.

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"Mother mine, I am victorious," said Otho.

"But I do not understand," said the bewildered margravine. "Do you love him, Lina?"

The timid glance at her lover's face, and then the blushing cheeks and drooping eyes answered the margravine.

"Lina," said the margrave, in a low voice, "will you wed the margrave now?"

"Heinrich bids me," was the whispered

There was one thing the people never could understand, and that was why the young margravine always called her husband Heinrich.

RESERVE POWER.

Don't argue, says a clever adviser. You waste your force. Talk exhausts your magnetism, destroys your self-poise. You fritter away in chatter what energy you should save for the successful conduct of your business. It's a species of dissipation; and quarreling is simply mental intemperance.

Everybody knows a successful business man hedges himself in with protections, private offices, confidential clerks and office boys, screens and partitions. They all act as strainers to keep people away from him; people who want to talk and make him talk on trivial subjects. He can't afford to waste his force in that manner.

The great successes in every department of life have been made by "silent men," who saved their mental force and concentrated it powerfully on the line of their ambition. Do not, my son, because certain information has come to your knowledge, suppose that all other persons are ignorant in regard to the same, and that by consequence it is your bounden duty to enlighten the world by unburdening yourself of said information to all *sorts* and conditions of men and in all manner of places. It is more than probable that most of the people with whom you come in contact have for years been familiar with the facts which have just come to your knowledge; it is not impossible, indeed, that you are the last of your set to whose knowledge those facts have come.

Again, do not make yourself a quart measure, whose only business in receiving is to pour out into some more retentive vessel.

Be a jug or a well-corked bottle, rather, whose contents are kept for some special occasion and when they are demanded.

The man who, upon receipt of something new to him, feels called upon to out with it to all comers, without regard to the relevancy of the occasion or the pertinency of the unfolding, is a pestilential nuisance

To force your stores of knowledge upon others is taken as a gratuitous affront. When one has got through his schooling, he bids good-by to schoolmasters, it irks him to have facts and figures thrust upon him, even if they are new to him, and it wearies him especially when what you tell is as familiar to him as his own folks

The course I would have you pursue, my son, is to acquire all possible information upon all conceivable subjects, and to keep what you know properly pigeon-holed and labeled in your brain, where it can be got at the proper moment.

When the subject comes up, it is good to know something about it, and it is right to tell what you know regarding it; but this is quite different from telling, apropos to nothing, what you know upon any given matter.

Next to an ignoramus, my son, there is no person so objectionable in society as the learned ass who is forever braying out his knowledge. If you are posted in a given direction, and another seeks to draw upon you, it is like mercy, twice blessed: it blesses him that gives and him that receives. Whereas, if you give unasked, you make yourself disliked and your impartment contemned.

Therefore, my son, let it be your aim in life to learn all that can be learned, and never be chary of imparting what you know to others if others seek your instruction; but never parade your knowledge, to do which is to be a pedant, which is to be an ass, which is an insufferable nuisance and an unmitigated bore.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Most deaf persons hear better in the midst of a modern din than when it is quiet around them. The noise of the cars in travel or the whir of machinery in mills helps to make up the volume of sound necessary to reach their impaired organs. An amusing illustration appears in the case of a very venerable deaf gentleman who lived quite alone. On the very rare occasions when he had a visitor he used to busy himself shaking down the ashes in his coal stove, so that by the dint of the supplementary clamor he might catch what his visitor had to say.

Of the 238 men in the graduating class at Yale, about 50 have done something toward paying their way through college and ten have received nothing at all from home. Money has been earned in all sorts of ways, from tending door in the State Legislature to shoveling snow and caring for furnaces. The highest figure given for a year's expenses is $4000; the lowest is $135. Eight men found they could live on $200 a year, 34 on between $200 and $300, 48 on from $300 to $400, 36 on from $400 to $600, and the remainder, a majority of the class, on from $600 to $3000.

Atalantis is the name that will hereafter dignify and distinguish a location in the Atlantic Ocean about sixteen miles east of the Highlands of Navesink and thirteen south of the Long Island shore. Here a palatial structure is at once to be erected on huge iron stilts. The foundation of this building will consist of thirty-six iron cylinders fifteen feet in diameter and 120 feet in length. These piles will extend thirty feet below the bed of the ocean, and will be secured to each other, according to the claim of the engineer, by girders, cross-bracings and in other ways, so as to defy the mightiest storm wave that ever rolled in the Atlantic.

Judge David McAdam, of New York, defines drunkenness as a "disorder of the faculties caused by some intoxicant," and insists that when one drinks for the love of the thing he is a dipsomaniac, his morbid impulse being an evidence of disease, and, not being morally responsible for his acts, must be controlled by others. He draws a very interesting distinction between drunkenness as a crime and drunkenness as a folly. For instance, a man is permitted to drink in his own room as much as the will inclines and circumstances permit. Private intoxication, with no act beyond, is not an offense by common law or by statute. A person found drunk in a public place is deemed guilty of disorderly behavior, which is an offense, and consequently, a crime.

At Wingen, in New South Wales, about 200 miles from Sydney, is a burning mountain, one of the most remarkable sights to be seen in Australia. It is 1620 feet in height, and is supposed to be a large coal seam which has in some unaccountable way become ignited, and has been burning for many years, certainly long before the advent of the white man in this portion of the colony. The course of the fire can be traced a considerable distance by the numerous depressions or chasms occasioned by the falling in of the ground from beneath which the coal has been consumed. Smoke is continually issuing from the sides of the mountain, and in the vicinity of these openings the surface is hot, and has a dry parched appearance, while sticks thrust into these openings are readily ignited.

General Ogle, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had been deputed to compose an address to the newly elected President, Andrew Jackson. When the bluff old warrior submitted his document to the House, a fellow member, a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia, observed: "Pardon me, General. I hesitate about making any suggestion to so distinguished an individual, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary with cultured letter writers to write the first personal pronoun with a capital 'I' instead of a small 'i.'" General Ogle returned a look of scorn. "Sir," said he, "when I write to so great a man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abase myself. I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put upon paper. But, sir, if ever I should have to write to a little snipe like you, I would use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap!"

The nest of an orang-outang has been placed in the Natural History Museum, at Berlin, by Professor E. Salenka, and Professor Mobius has discussed it in the Berlin Academy. Professor Salenka removed the nest himself from a tree in Borneo. The nest which was situated about thirty feet from the ground, in the crotch of a tree forty five feet high and about one foot in diameter, measured four and one-half feet long and one to two and one-half feet wide, and about seven inches high. It is made of twenty to twenty-five branches bound and twined together, and is large enough for a fully grown orang to lie in it at full length though the monkey probably always sleeps as it does in captivity, with legs drawn up and arms crossed over its body. The so-called nests of the orangs are not skilfully built huts or closed shelters for new-born young, but simply sleeping places, as many careful observers of these monkeys in Borneo have established.

THE Princess of Wales is colonel of a Danish regiment of cavalry, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg-Gotha colonel of a Prussian regiment of grenadiers and of a Russian dragoon regiment, and the Duchess of Connaught is commander of a regiment of Prussian infantry. The Empress of Russia is colonel-in-chief of four regiments.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skilful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially in this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

TWO RAGGED HEROES.

BY S. W. W.

I SAY, Chirper, don't it feel freezin' cold standin' here under the 'lectric light. Let's be gittin, eh? It'll seem warmer along by the shops where the gas shines."

"No, hold on a bit, Homer: here's another kerridge of 'em drawin' up. It 'nd be precious cold anywheres a winter night like this. Shove yer 'ands well inter yer pockets an' stamp."

This the smaller of the two ragged urchins, called "Homer," accordingly did; and so the pair of shivering little London street Arabs stood, shuffling their almost shoeless feet in the freshly fallen snow, half forgetting their miseries in watching the cabs and carriages draw up before the large town mansion, and gaily-dressed girls and boys step out, and disappear into the blazing cavity of light that screamed forth with dazzling radiance every time the big hall door opened to receive them.

To these children of the street it was like catching a glimpse of Fairy-land.

"Ain't the music playing lovely inside?" the bigger boy presently said. "It's like them stories mother used to tell us afore she died, about many mansions where there was music an' singing an' sunshine always."

"'Tis so," replied Homer; "and ain't the little ladies dressed something beautiful! Do you guess they gets plenty to eat in there?"

"Eat—o' course they does," answered Chirper, with assumed indignation at his brother's ignorance. "Heaps o' things, bloaters steamin' hot, an' sausages an' mash, an' tea an' cories too."

"My!" exclaimed the smaller boys; "it makes me feel hungry, Chirper, just to hear yer a-talking."

Just then the big hall door opened, and a gentleman, carrying several parcels and a bag, ran down the steps and peered about in the gloom.

"Take yer parcels for you, sir?" said a small voice at his elbow.

"No, no—but you can find me a cab, perhaps."

"Right you are, sir!" and away sped Chirper to the nearest cab-stand, and was soon back again.

"There, we've earned a supper, Homer, any way," said he cheerfully, as the four-wheeler and its passenger rattled away: "for he's given me a tanner (sixpence). Fancy that! Hullo! Hullo! what's this 'ere?" he added, kicking against something hard amongst the snow by the kerb-stone.

"Taint nothing but paper," replied Homer glancing down. "Come on, Chirp; I am that hungry!"

"But, look you, there's pink string stuff round it, an' 'tis fastened with red sticking-wax," Chirper said, lifting the package as he spoke. "I'll tell you what, Homer, that gent went an' dropped it out of the cab, I believe. I heard the door slam again, as if it had come open after he started."

"Well, it ain't of much account, being only paper," suggested Homer.

"I dunno about that," said Chirper. "I reckon if mother could, she'd just say 'Give it back, boy.' We can easy catch up the growler (cab) if we run hard. Let's try.

In an instant the pair were racing full tilt down the road. They were gaining considerably on the retreating vehicle when a red mail-cart came hurriedly round a corner.

"Hi! look where you're a-coming," the driver shouted: but too late, for before Chirper had time to stop himself or get out of the way, he was thrown violently to the ground, and found himself lying amongst the horses feet.

"I ain't hurt, mister," he called out, as he picked himself up.

"It's a wonder, then," the driver replied, as he glanced down from his elevated seat. "I sung out, but you ran on just as if the police was after you. I'm sorry; but you should look out."

And with that he drove on.

By this time the cab had unfortunately disappeared, and both boys saw it would be useless to attempt to chase it farther, not knowing the direction it had taken. They decided that the best thing to do was to leave the packet at the big house where the party was, as the gentleman who had probably dropped it came from there.

"My! you are covered with snow, and yer face is bleeding," exclaimed Homer, as once more the pair passed under the electric lamp.

"It don't hurt much," Chirper answered, as they mounted the wide steep steps, and pulled the heavy brass-knobbed bell-handle.

The big door opened immediately, and very astonished the smart maid-servant looked when, instead of more gaily-dressed visitors, she caught sight of our two ragged heroes standing there.

"Run away," she said, "run away! We don't give anything to beggars"; and began to close the door again, when Chirper said quickly—

"But, if you please, we've brought this. Me and Homer picked it up 'cause the gentleman dropped it."

"What it is?" the servant asked, taking the pink-tied package in her hand. "Wait a minute while I see."

"Will you please to step inside?" she said, returning a moment later.

"Take yer 'at off," whispered Chirper to his brother, as, uncovering his own close-clipped head, he stood upon the mat in the hall.

Presently a lady, who was "as beautiful as the Queen," Chirper afterwards said, approached our heroes, and asked—

"Where did you find the papers, little boys?"

Then Chirper told his story, speaking out plainly, so that all could hear, adding—

"An' we should have given it to the gentleman hisself; only I comes a cropper."

"And have cut your face, I see," the lady's maid.

"Oh, that ain't nothink, mum: it'll mostly wash off when I gits home," explained Chirper.

"Where do you live, then?" Mrs. Russell questioned.

"Well, just now Mr. Slack, the costermonger, lets us sleep in the stable along of his moke."

"He means the donkey," Mr. Russell explained, as he came up, and smiled, holding the mysterious pink-tied bundle in his hand.

"Where are your parents, lads?" he asked.

"Dead, sir," replied Chirper: "dead of the 'Fluenza.'"

"You must tell me your names," the lady said.

"I'm Chirper, mum: 'least that's what Mr. Slack calls me, 'cause I chirps out what he's got to sell on his donkey-barrow: greens—or fish, or what-not."

"And your brother?"

"Well, we calls him 'Homer.'"

"What a strange name to give him!" the lady answered, evidently surprised.

"Is it, mum?" said Chirper, looking towards his brother. "Well, he's called that, you see, 'cause two or three times when he got lost somehow, he found his way back to the stable all right, like the pigeons what is called, 'dead homers,' you know, 'cause you can't lose 'em. They always comes home."

"Oh, really!" said the lady, as if she didn't quite understand; while the gentleman laughed.

"Well, my boys," he said; "by finding and bringing that paper here you have saved me a vast amount of trouble and great expense; and my son also, whom it chiefly concerns, is very grateful."

"Here, Teddie," he called; "come and speak to Chirper and Homer. It would have meant a great deal to you if this package had really been lost, you know."

Then a tall straight lad of fourteen stepped from amongst the crowd of juveniles, and, walking up to Chirper, said in a quiet manly voice: "Thank you very much, both of you. I shall try to repay you if I can."

"So you shall, Teddie, so you shall," said Mr. Russell, in a pleased proud way.

I can assure you, our two little waifs hardly knew what to make of it all—especially when they were handed over to the motherly house-keeper, who plastered up Chirper's wound, and afterwards set them down to a meal such as they had never tasted before.

"Well, to be sure!" one of the servants said. "Just to think of that! If the packet of law-papers hadn't been found, Master Teddie would never have come into his fortune."

"That's true," said another. "There's the clerk what dropped them, arrived with a face white as a ghost's, and is talking to master in the study now. He says 'the door of the cab came open and they fell through, and he didn't find it out till he got to the railway.'"

You may be sure that the two boys were never in want of a dinner or friends after this. They were sent to school; and as soon as they were old enough Mr. Russell took them into his service, Chirper going as a stable-lad at first, and soon rising to groom, while Homer waited at table, with a smart row of buttons down the front of his jacket.

They always felt their good fortune came through doing as their mother would have liked.

MAKING THE MOST OF HER OPPORTUNITY.—In a poor country the first want is the want of money. In "A Tour Through the Pyrenees," the author says that the burning question of the region is, Shall strangers be considered as a prey or a harvest? Here is a trifling incident that shows the dexterity and ardor with which the natives improve their opportunities. "One day Paul tells his servant to sew another button on his trousers. An hour after she brings in the trousers, and, with an undecided anxious air, as if fearing the effect of her demand, says, 'It is a sou.' Paul draws out a sou in silence and gives it to her. Jeunette retires on tiptoe as far as the door, thinks better of it, returns, takes up the trousers, and shows the button. 'Ah, that is a fine button!' A pause. 'I did not find that in my box.' Another and a longer pause. 'I bought that at the grocer's; it cost a sou.' She draws herself up anxiously. The proprietor of the trousers, still without speaking, gives a second sou. It is clear that she has struck upon a mine of sous. Jennette goes out, and a moment after reopens the door. She has resolved on her course, and, in a shrill piercing voice, with admirable volubility, proceeds, 'I had no thread; I had to buy some thread. I used a good deal of thread—good thread too. The button won't come off; I sewed it on fast. The thread cost a sou.' Paul pushes across the table the third sou. Two hours later Jeannette, who has been pondering the matter, reappears. She prepares breakfast with the greatest possible care, lowers her voice, walks noiselessly, and is charming in her little attentions. Then she says, putting forth all sorts of obsequious graces, 'I ought not to lose anything; you would not want to lose anything. The cloth was harsh; I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it till a while ago; I have just noticed it. It cost a sou.' And that fourth sou was the last."

HAVE PATIENCE WITH YOURSELF.—Of all the religionists and moralists who ever taught, Fenelon is the only one who has distinctly formulated the duty which a self educator owes to himself. "Have patience with yourself" is a direction often occurring in his writings, and a most important one it is, because patience with ourselves is essential, if we would have patience with others. Let us look through the world. Who are the people easiest to be pleased, most sunny, most urbane, most tolerant? Are they not persons from constitution and temperament on good terms with themselves—people who do not ask much of themselves, or try themselves severely, and who, therefore, are in a good humor for looking upon others? But how is a person who is conscious of a hundred daily faults and errors to have patience with himself? The question may be answered by asking—what would you say to a child who fretted, scolded, dashed down his slate, and threw his book on the floor, because he made mistakes in his arithmetic? You would say, of course, "You are but a learner; it is not to be expected that you will not make mistakes; all children do. Have patience." Just as you would talk to that child, talk to yourself. Be reconciled to a lot of inevitable imperfection; be content to try continually, and often to fail. It is the inevitable condition of human existence, and is to be accepted as such. A patient acceptance of mortifications and of defeats of our life's labor is often more efficacious for our moral advancement than even our victories.

THE MOTHER'S DUTY.—The mother must reflect that education, in its true sense, is not a mere mechanical task; nor does it consist in a series of admonitions and corrections, of rewards and punishments, of imprecations and directions, strung together without unity of purpose or dignity of execution. The mother's great endeavor must be to build up humanity; the passions, appetites, intellectual power, mental energy, come under her attention in this work. It is for her to strip the grosser husk from passion, and to develop the germ of enthusiasm, which lies concealed within it, to purposes of good; not so much to repress the appetite, as to fix its impulses upon pure and wholesome food.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Some words in the Chinese language have as many as 40 different meanings.

A game cock with a wooden limb is the champion fowl of Rockland, Maine.

The canine population in this country is now counted up at 70,000,000 good, bad and indifferent dogs.

A Latah, Wash., man has invented a bicycle which he claims will successfully run on the single track of a railroad.

An egg weighing three and a half ounces was recently laid by a hen on the farm of Hiram Kitchem, at Cuba, Georgia.

Axmen of the Pacific Northwest are so expert that they can saw or chop a tree so as to make it fall in any desired direction.

The Kaiser's latest conceit is an imperial gala carriage, which, together with the harness, is to be aglow with tiny electric lights.

A Baltimore paper printed this advertisement: "For sale—Cigarette and candy store; good stand; opposite school and church."

An ice cream dealer of Eastport, Me., who is an enthusiastic bicyclist, carries a sign attached to his wheel announcing his trade and location.

A dog owned by James Nuthall, of Louisville, lately committed suicide by butting his head against a wall while suffering from sickness.

London fire engines often have to stop on their way to fires to take up a turncock, a liveried functionary who is alone allowed to have the key to a fireplug.

The Orange, N. J., Board of Health has prepared a circular asking everybody to desist as much as possible from kissing, owing to the prevalence of diphtheria.

Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, stands on the site of Fort Des Moines, a United States post from 1837 to 1857, and then the most remote garrison on the Northwest frontier.

So great is the echo in one of the rooms of the Pantheon that the striking together of the palms of the hands is said to make a noise equal to that of a 12-pound cannon.

Lightning played a curious freak at Waterboro, Maine, recently. Etta Beale was struck and instantly killed, while a child, whom she was holding in her lap, was uninjured.

Inks are made principally in blacks and reds, but they are also made in a great variety of colors, and a considerable quantity of white ink is sold for writing on black cards.

The West Indies include many islands under British, Dutch and French rule, and the Republic of Haiti. The total area is almost 100,000 square miles, and the population 5,500,000.

In a new melodrama that is doing the English provinces the stage is set in France in the first act, in America and Germany in the second, and in Australia and England in the third.

German naval officials have decided to have all the vessels of the German navy painted a cinnamon yellow, this being one that is believed to be the least visible either by day or night.

A writer in Public Opinion claims that the longest cable is between America and Europe, say 3,200 miles, and the longest land line is across Australia, from Port Darwin to Adelaide, 2,150 miles.

It is said to cost Great Britain $20,000 to scrape the barnacles off the bottom of one of her big men-o'-war and repaint it, and this has to be done twice a year in the case of nearly every vessel.

In his intercourse with the monkeys of Africa Professor Garner has picked up some startling information. He says that Christianity and its missionaries have been bad for the natives of that country.

Hostilities were renewed last week at Portsmouth, Ohio, where two veterans, William Pierce and James Frisbie, got into a dispute about the relative merits of Grant and Sherman, and used 'each other up pretty badly.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, who has introduced into Parliament a bill providing that when the Queen confers any title hereafter the reason therefor shall be officially stated to and be approved by Parliament, has a baronetcy that is said to have been bought by one of his ancestors for $10,000 cash.

Strikes are practically unknown in Turkey. Only two have occurred in 40 years. One was by dockyard laborers who wanted their arrears of pay, and the other was by Government employes in cigarette factories, who wanted women excluded. The strikers won in both instances.

The hospital car is the newest thing in railroad enterprise. The car is divided into compartments and supplied with cots, stretchers, medicines of all sorts likely to be needed, and the usual appliances of an emergency relief corps. One of these cars is now in service on the New Jersey Central Railroad.

THE HIGHEST JOY.

BY J. B. W.

When you first teach a child to understand
Work means the loving heart and helping hand;
When you first teach a youth to read and write
You give the boy to a lifelong delight.
Who adds the charm of music to his days
Attunes his soul to melody and praise.
Who studies art enters the court serene,
The enchanted land where Nature reigns a queen.
Who loves all beauty doth a poet grow,
And wins the highest joy that mortals know.

OF GAMBLING TRICKS.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat," observed Butler about a couple of centuries ago; and if this proposition still holds good, "that majority spoken of by Carlyle, and which may be said to include all gamblers" (i. e., fools), to whom Mr. John Nevil Maskelyne dedicates his recently published work "Sharps and Flats," should read with avidity the famous conjurer's expose of the secrets of cheating in nearly every kind of gambling game.

For, indeed, from this volume we may not only learn how such comparatively simple swindles as the "three-card trick," the purse trick, and the coin-spinning trick in tossing are worked, but we are introduced to such complicated and elaborately contrived pieces of apparatus in the shape of "hold-outs," "dealing-boxes," "reflectors," etc., that at times we almost forget that these things serve no higher purpose than to form part of the professional gambler's regular equipment.

Truly, this branch of roguery has become a fine art; it has its manufacturers, its wholesale and retail dealers, its canvassers, etc., just as any other modern form of industry.

Apropos of this subject the following trick was actually played by one card-sharper on another many years ago.

The first man, a Spaniard named Bianco, had devised a most ingenious method of fleecing the inhabitants of Havana, at that time the most celebrated place for gambling in the world. To do this he bought in his own country an immense stock of playing cards, every-one of which he marked.

Having replaced the cards in their wrappers so skilfully that it was practically impossible to tell that the packages had been tampered with, he managed to get the whole lot bought up by the dealers in Havana, with the natural result that after a time there were hardly any cards in the place other than his marked ones.

Of course, Bianco soon followed his cards, and being a man of good address, not only managed to obtain introductions to the best society, but actually got himself made a member of the most exclusive club in the place. Not long, however, had he enjoyed his golden harvest, when a fellow-swindler, a Frenchman named Laforcade, likewise effected an entrance into the club.

One of the first things the latter did was to appropriate a number of the club cards in order to mark them; but here to his great surprise he found himself forestalled.

Investigations soon enabled him to discover Bianco's scheme, whereupon he threatened the latter with exposure unless he agreed to share the profits.

This the Spaniard did for some time, but finally decamped in disgust. Laforcade was thus obliged to shift for himself, but ultimately was detected cheating.

Fortunately for him, however, nothing positive could be proved against him, since, owing to the number of marked cards that had been introduced by Bianco, it could not be established that he knew any more about them than other people did, and so he was actually acquitted.

The marking of cards of cards is an art in itself. Various devices have been tried with varying success, either during or after manufacture.

It is a fact that specially-made cards can be obtained, the design on the back of each of which is so contrived that though the uninitiated may even examine it with a microscope, the sharper can at a glance tell the value of each one of the pack. Most sharpers, however, prefer to mark their cards themselves, which is usually done by means of a complicated system of shading part of the design with specially prepared materials. For a long time the honest playing-card manufacturers were able to produce cards, the glaze on the back of which showed the effects of such tampering; but at the present time the sharper appears to have obtained the upper hand.

For some games, however, he prefers to reply upon a small hidden mirror, in which he sees the reflection of the cards as he deals them; while in other cases, when confederates are employed, a code of signals is adopted similar to that with which readers of "Barry Lyndon" are familiar.

For calm audacity, the following trick, which a friend of Mr. Maskelyne's recently saw in operation at Monte Carlo, seems to be hard to beat.

"He observed, one evening, a man standing by a roulette table, who persistently put down a five-franc piece upon the winning number, after it had been declared. Of course, the "croupier" never failed to detect the manœuvre, and removed the stake. The fact which passed unnoticed, however, was that a gold coin, value twenty francs, lay hidden beneath the silver one as it was put down. Being commanded to take up the five-franc piece, the man did so without hesitation, but the gold piece remained on the table among the other stakes. When the winnings were paid by the bank, that particular coin was claimed by a confederate as his stake, and was paid accordingly."

DROPPING THE SUBJECT.—Beaumarchais, the author of "The Marriage of Figaro," was the son of a provincial watchmaker, but raised himself to fame, wealth, and rank by the force of his talents. An insolent young nobleman undertook to wound his pride by an allusion to his humble origin; and, handing him his watch, said, "Examine it, sir; it does not keep time well. Pray ascertain the cause." Beaumarchias extended his hand awkwardly, as if to receive the watch, but contrived to let it fall on the pavement. "You see, my dear sir," replied he, "you have applied to the wrong person. My father always declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker."

Grains of Gold.

Truth is never afraid to wait.

A long face is not a passport to heaven.

The troubles we most fear never happen.

There is nothing more contagious than example.

God never gave anybody the right to be disagreeable.

Hurry and worry are both great enemies to health.

No prayers except those the heart speaks are heard in heaven.

People who are not to be trusted in trifles are not to be trusted anywhere.

Statues are moulded by little touches. Characters are formed in the same way.

A reformer is often a man whose neighbors wish he would begin on himself.

We are all the time making character, whether we are doing anything else or not.

The world is not suffering so much for want of more preaching as it is for more practice.

You can't tell much about man's religion by what he does when he knows he is watched.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folks.

Femininities.

When an engagement is broken off it is usually a case of heart failure.

"The male is late to-night," as the woman said when she got up at 3 A. M. to let in her husband.

"Talk about your Mosquito Coast!" said Bjones, as he tenderly rubbed the shining surface on his bald head.

One of the brightest pupils at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., is a Winnebago Indian girl from Nebraska.

Miss Inez V. Whittaker, a 13-year-old Chicago girl, rode a distance of 100 miles on a bicycle on a recent Sunday.

He: "You decline me because I am poor, but some day I shall be rich!"

She: "Well, you have my post-office address."

A Dakota ghost who carried on conversations with interviewers has been discovered to be a healthy young woman talking through a long tin tube.

The longest train on record was that of Catherine de Medici, on the occasion of her marriage. It was 48 yards in length, and was borne by ten pairs of pages.

How shall you make man know that God loves him? Most of all by loving the man with a great love yourself, of which he shall know that, coming through you, it comes from beyond you.

An actress who was struck on the head by a block of wood while playing at the Chicago Opera House, was thereby deprived of the sense of smell, and has sued the manager for $50,000 damages.

Prof. Ewald, of Berlin, pointed out in a recent lecture that nervous diseases are extremely common among female telegraph operators, and gave his opinion that such employment is not suited to women.

A wedding, in which the combined ages of the bride and groom was 146 years, was performed in St. Louis recently. Edward Toner, aged 70 years, and Mrs. Sarah Higgins, 6 years his senior, were the names of the contracting parties.

A mother and daughter keep house three miles from each other in Sagadahoc, Me., the houses being in plain sight of each other. Every evening mother and daughter set a lamp in the kitchen window for the other to see and know all is well.

There are differences in the family of John Pell, of Chicago,—not of a domestic nature, but in the stature of Pell and his wife. He is 7 feet 1 inch tall, while she stands only 4 feet 5 inches. Their child is 7 years old and weighs twice as much as his mother and is just as tall.

In an action for a breach of promise of marriage the defendant's counsel asked the plaintiff, "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" "Not exactly," she replied; "but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister that he intended to marry into our family."

Mrs. Clara Mindoch is one of Uncle Sam's lighthouse keepers who has been retained for many years in spite of all political changes. Her husband was appointed keeper of the Rondout Light during President Pierce's administration. He died after one year's service, and since that time Mrs. Mindoch has attended to the duties.

There lives near Bunnaville, Va., a colored woman 83 years old, whose name is Lavina Bayler. Years ago she lost her teeth, but is now cutting another set. Some months ago her gums became very sore, and now two teeth have made their appearance and several more are nearly in sight. The old woman is much pleased with her new teeth, and has expressed great delight at so soon being able to "chaw hard again."

"Well, my dear," said a Houston, Texas, man to the wife of his bosom, "shall I call for you, say at 3 o'clock this afternoon?"

"Call for me! Why, what for?" inquired his wife, in an evident tone of surprise.

"To go to the milliner's after a hat."

"After a hat! Why, hubby, didn't we get a new hat for me only yesterday. What on earth are you talking about?"

"Oh, I forgot, surely. Why, yes, so we did. I see it now very plainly. It is only every other day you want a new hat."

By stopping out hastily and holding the door shut, he managed to escape merited punishment.

A young man and a young woman got in a Ninth avenue elevated car at Fifty-ninth street, New York, and sat in one of the cross-seats. He had a Gladstone bag and was evidently going away. Just before they reached Desbrosses street he said to her quietly, so quietly that only the man back of her could hear: "I am going to kiss you good-bye when I get out."

"No," she pleaded; "not before all these people."

"Yes," he insisted; "I shall, so raise your veil. If you resist the people will think it strange, and will stare at you all the way downtown after I am gone."

She glanced slyly up, saw that he meant it, and slowly raised her veil.

Not a person looked up as he bent over, and so the care she took to remove her left glove and show an engagement ring was just so much trouble for nothing.

Masculinities.

Mr. and Mrs. David S. Dunning, of Chicago, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary a few days ago.

Mrs. Polly Flick, of Orange county, Indiana, is 102 years old, and the parent of five living generations.

The unselfishness of men is shown by the millions of dollars which are represented in life insurance policies.

It is possible to buy a wife in Uganda for a pair of shoes. On bargain days an old plug hat is an equivalent.

Husband: "Does that new novel turn out happily?" Wife: "It doesn't say; it only says they were married."

Chili is said to number among her population more poets per capita than any other nation in the world.

It is stated to be a fact that Indians never snore, because they accustom themselves from childhood to sleep with their mouths closed.

Little boy: "How long have you had that doll?"

Little miss: "This is a girl doll, and you oughtn't to ask her age."

She: "We advanced women have discovered that man is a total failure."

He: "I suppose that is why you are claiming an equality with him."

Girls on bicycles are getting to be so common now that they don't attract much attention. The public has got through expecting that they are going to fall off.

A museum now being built at Leyden, Netherlands, will be the largest in the world next to the British Museum. Within its walls space will be provided for 80,000 stuffed birds.

The Shah of Persia is a great caricaturist. The walls of his private apartments are covered with plain white paper, and on these he scribbles funny pictures whenever the fancy takes him.

There is an old man, James Beck, near Belmont, Mass., who has for 50 years been catching and selling frogs, not only to hotels and restaurants, but to scientific men in this country and Europe.

James Clarke, a deaf mute, of Paterson, N. J., always had fears that he would be killed on the railroad. One day recently his presumption came true, he being run down and killed by a train.

In an effort to cope with the rabbit pest in New South Wales 632 miles of rabbit-proof fencing have recently been erected, at a cost of £51,000, and 404 miles of similar fencing are building.

Scorpions are so numerous in Durango, Mexico, that there is a bounty of sixty cents a hundred for them. The persons who are legalized to hunt for them are authorized to enter and search private houses.

An arrest was made in South Boston the other day of a man who was going about with an arm bandaged as though broken, and after telling a sorrowful tale appealing to the listener to buy a package of court plaster.

The property possessed by India-rubber of erasing pencil-marks was discovered about 1702 by a descendant of the navigator Magellan, according to a note published by the Paris Academy of Sciences of that year.

The consumption of tea in England during 1892 reached the highest point ever touched since its use has been generally diffused among the masses, the total quantity used being considerably more than 207,000,000 pounds.

Miss Hannah Mahar, of Rochester, has found a brother in Leavenworth, Kansas, whom she had supposed was long since dead. His name is Thomas Mahar. He fought through the civil war, and then went west to make his fortune.

In making out a pardon recently, Governor Brown, of Kentucky, virtually signed a death warrant for its recipient, C. T. Taylor, a convict at Frankfort, who expired immediately upon receiving the papers. He is supposed to have died of excess of joy.

A man who bought a second-hand hearse in Boston and took it to his farm in Woolwich, Me., intending to use the wheels for a farm wagon and the body as a potato bin, has given up the notion. His neighbors, who thought his undertaking an uncanny one, made a bonfire of the hearse.

"The clamor which has recently been made in New York for female suffrage is merely an incident of the general movement for the emancipation made by the women," observes a Baltimore paper. "Whether it be judicious or not, it will prevail if the women generally demand it, as they have in some other American States and in some foreign countries."

Herman Worstsche, a young and wealthy farmer, who married a young woman of Lafayette, Minn., recently, was taken suddenly ill on the night of his marriage from blood poisoning. He had been suffering from an ugly pimple on his lip previous to his wedding day; and, anxious to present the best appearance on that occasion, he went to a surgeon and had him remove the pimple. He was taken to a hospital, where he died after intense suffering.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Muslin gowns are prettiest when made with little ruffles edged with lace, or with scalloped flounces edged with the lace. Dotted muslins are pretty with puffs and shirs, through which ribbon can be run. An exquisitely pretty French gown was of white dotted muslin, with large pink flowers woven in it. It was worn over a pale blue satin underskirt, with high necked waist, and was quite severely plain, the only trimming being the belt and sash and collar of pale blue watered ribbon, on which were woven tiny rosebuds. Of course, it was intended for a debutante, and with the gown she wore a large hat of white chip, trimmed with three ostrich plumes, turned up at one side to show three tiny pink roses and a little band of pink ribbon. A good combination of color is of dotted muslin, pale yellow, made up over a pink under slip of the same color, and with puffings, through which are run heliotrope moire ribbon. Heliotrope and yellow look very cool together, and are decidedly French. Dimities are delightful for summer wear. The pinks and blues are particularly pretty.

A pink and white dimity is trimmed with bands of white insertion. This also is worn over a silk slip. The skirt was made very full, with all the fullness gathered into a small space at the back. There was a deep flounce put on in scallops, very full. The waist had three straps of white embroidery front and back. The sleeves were very odd, and were almost tight fitting, but had two deep overcapes, which fell over each other almost to the elbow. These were trimmed with bands of white insertion. There was a belt and long ends and collar of a finger width pink satin ribbon. The whole effect of the gown was deliciously cool and very dressy.

One of the stylish parasols for summer is of black and white striped silk finished with a deep frill of Bourdon lace. The long handle is formed entirely of black beads. Dainty parasols of Dresden silk have Dresden handles showered with blossoms which follow the design of the silk. A pale green silk parasol has alternating stripes of white satin and tiny pink rosebuds. The handle is of Dresden china, over which pink rosebuds are growing. One of the latest ideas is to have a white parasol striped with alternating lines of white lace insertion and violets. The handle is of white satin covered with lace, and a bunch of violets is tied to it by long white ribbons. The outing parasols are as ever. The favorite is of brilliant scarlet bolting cloth with stripes of white silk encircling it.

Among the "picture" gowns those of Louis XIII. design are surpassing in popularity the Louis XIV. and XV. costumes. Lace is shown in abundance, and the skirts are full and frequently made to show a petticoat. White and gold is the favorite combination. A white faille evening gown is effectively made with flounces of lace heavily spangled with gilt. The bertha of this spangled lace, outlining the low cut bodice, looks like a shower of gold.

The mouvement skirt is the latest. It is raised just a trifle at the side, and when composed of filmy material the effect is most charming. One gets just a glimpse of the under petticoat.

Toads, lizards, alligators and beetles form the favorite brooches of the hour. They are very realistic, very green and much studded with diamonds. Toads, in a leaping position, are considered the most popular. A diamond wing is a new fancy in jewelry, and crescents in all sizes are in favor.

A silk which is rivalling the favorite India is the Oriental Damas. It is light and cool, much opposed to wrinkles, and, best of all, sells for 69 cents a yard. The designs are exceptionally pretty and show both stripes and flowers. One of the most fetching patterns of the illuminated glace silks is a check. The colors are heliotrope, sage green and white. They blend exquisitely, and the whole silk fairly glistens.

The French organdies are made up over taffeta silk of a single shade or in changeable tints, giving further beauty to the transparent textile that veils it. If silk is considered too expensive, linings for bodice and skirt are made of tinted French lawn, batiste, lustrous sateen, or the silk gingham in monochrome that is called "swivel." Lace leads everywhere as the garniture for these toilets, but exceedingly chic and pretty dresses are trimmed with simple embroideries on French muslin or India mull.

A stylish costume is in white pique with lapped seams; it is made with a bolero jacket with fancy china buttons painted blue; a scarf of yellow silk chiffon is worn with it. The hat is of coarse straw, trimmed with pliese chiffon and black flowers.

Odds and Ends.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD, ETC.

Perspiration stains may be removed from the sleeves of white woolen or silk dresses by sponging with warm water, into which ammonia has been poured, and then with clear water. Press the lace before it becomes quite dry.

A most useful article with which to scale fish is an ordinary currycomb. Grasp the fish by the mouth with a protected finger, and the operation, pursued from tail to head, will be found very practical.

If one wishes to cool a hot dish in a hurry, it will be found that if the dish be placed in a vessel full of cold salt water, it will cool more rapidly than if stood in water free from salt.

All floor and whisk brooms should be thoroughly wet in scalding hot brine before using them. It will effectually keep the straw from breaking.

Blood stains may be removed from garments by soaking the spots in kerosene for a little time, and then washing out in warm water.

For immediate relief for a scald or burn, the application of the white of an egg to the injured spot is said to be especially efficacious.

Ceilings that have become smoked by kerosene lamps may be cleaned by washing off with soda and water.

In poaching eggs add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the water. It sets the white and keeps it from breading.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag, which has been dipped in common table salt.

After peeling onions, rub the hands with celery or mustard, and the odor will be entirely removed.

Salt put upon the clinkers in the stove, while they are hot, will loosen them without difficulty.

Save all your bread crumbs and crusts to crumble into your fried potatoes, or add to your dish.

Hang pictures so that the centre is on a level with the average eye.

Tender Feet.—There are several ways in which suffering, caused by tender feet, can be lessened, if not entirely got rid of. The boots and shoes for summer wear should be half a size larger than those worn during the winter. Shoes are generally considered more comfortable than boots, and should certainly be adopted, if possible, in the summer, for they save the ankle free, and the circulation unimpeded. However, if boots must be worn, they should not be very high, as any additional pressure means additional suffering. It is hardly necessary to mention the extremely pointed toes and really high heels should never even be thought of by any one who values peace of mind and comfort. The leather for summer footgear should be light, but not too thin, and brown in preference to black, when brown is suitable to the occasion.

The evil effects of tight lacing will be very soon realized by the woman who has tender feet; the undue compression adds tenfold to the pain, and very often the ankles, even of young girls, who are silly enough to sacrifice the comfort for the sake of having a waist of eighteen inches, are so swelled and inflamed by the end of the day, that they are utterly shapeless.

In cases of this kind the remedy is not far to seek, but it is more difficult to relieve those who suffer legitimately, so to speak. The following treatment should be persevered in; it will give immediate relief, and, when practicable, should be resorted to twice a day. Do not wait until you go to bed, but if the opportunity offers when you come in, weary and footsore, apply the remedies then.

Soak the feet well in tepid water, to which a little ammonia has been added, and as the water gets cold, pour in more hot to keep up the temperature. After drying the feet, rub them gently and thoroughly with a mixture made thus:

Add one ounce of the best linseed oil to the same quantity of lime water, shake the bottle in which the ingredients are until a mixture about the thickness of cream is produced, then pour in half a dram of spirits of camphor, shake again, and it is ready for use. The feet, after being rubbed, should be wrapped in soft linen for a little while, and then powdered with boracic acid before the stockings are replaced. In the event of the feet and ankles being in a very inflamed condition, after soaking them as above described, apply an arnica lotion, which will soon allay the discomfort. This is made by adding twenty drops of tincture of arnica to half a cupful of tepid water; saturate a piece of lint sufficiently large to envelop one entire foot with the lotion, cover it with a piece of oiled silk, and rest for an hour or two.

HINTS ON CALLING.

Do not stare around the room.

Do not linger at the dinner-hour.

Do not touch the piano unless invited to do so.

Do not turn your back to one seated near you.

Do not handle ornaments or furniture in the room.

Do not go to the room of an invalid unless invited.

Do not make a display of consulting your watch.

Do not lay aside the bonnet or hat at a formal call.

Do not fidget or toy with your cane, hat or parasol.

Do not remove the glove when making a formal call.

Do not make a call of ceremony on a disagreeable or wet day.

Do not remain when you find the lady on the point of going out.

Do not continue to stay any longer when conversation begins to lag.

Do not make the first call if you are a new comer in the neighborhood.

Do not walk around the room examining pictures while waiting for the hostess.

Do not resume your seat after having arisen to go unless for important reasons.

Do not open or shut doors or windows or alter the arrangements of the room.

Do not introduce politics, religion or weighty topics for conversation when making calls.

Do not prolong the call if the room is crowded. It is better to call a day or two afterward.

Do not call upon a person in reduced circumstances with a display of wealth, dress and equipage.

Do not presume upon pleasantries that are only permissible among intimate friends, nor venture upon "delicate" subjects at all.

Do not talk in a loud tone, nor seem aggressive in your manner of speech, as if you were bound to be heard, or to have your opinion considered.

Do not let your host see that you notice anything wrong if there should be any troublesome or unpleasant event in the household, or appertaining to the host.

NATAL AUTOGRAPHS.—There is born with every one of us and continues unchanged during our lives an unfailing and ineradicable mark or marks, which absolutely distinguish each one of us from every other fellow-being. These physical marks never change from the cradle to the grave. This born autograph is impossible to counterfeit and there is no duplicate of it among the teeming billows in the world. Look at the insides of your hands and the soles of your feet, closely examine the ends of your fingers; you see circles and curves and arches and whorls, some prominent with deep corrugations, others minute and delicate, but a well defined and closely traced pattern. There is your physiological signature.

Run your hands through your hair and press your finger balls on a piece of clear glass. You see all the delicate tracing transferred—not two fingers alike, even "the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth;" they are all distinctly different. Even twins may be so similar in size, features and general physical conditions as to be scarcely distinguishable, yet their finger autographs are radically different.

In fact, in all humanity every being carries with him his baby fingers and his wrinkled hands of decrepid old age, the identical curves, arches and circles that were born with him. Nothing except dismemberment can obliterate or disguise them. Criminals may burn and sear their hands, but nature, when she restores the cuticle, invariably brings back the natal autograph.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

TWENTY FIVE divorces were granted by the Allegheny County (Pa.) Court in one day last week, but only 49 persons were affected. G. G. Thornburg and Charles Asche were divorced from the same woman at the same time. The latter was her first husband, and she married the former without being divorced from Asche, who used her second marriage as ground for his divorce.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For Internal and External Use.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Cholorai stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

I surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	**Colds, Coughs,**
Inflammation,	**Sciatica,**
Lumbago,	**Rheumatism,**
Neuralgia,	**Influenza,**

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

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Purely Vegetable.

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GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

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Possesses properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have Long Been Acknowledged as the Best Cure for

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

☞ Full printed directions is in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"St. Nicholas" for July is emphatically a commemorator of our glorious Independence Day. In story, in verse, in sketches from the history of our country, are the best sentiments of the heart of the young reader stirred, and an earnest desire implanted to know more of the inspiring story of the nation which has in a century grown from such small beginnings to be the mightiest on earth. The Century Co., New York.

J. Monro, author of "The Romance of Electricity," opens "Cassell's Family Magazine" for July with an article which will vie with anything that Jules Verne has ever written. It is entitled "How I Discovered the North Pole," and is a remarkable flight of fancy, with spirited illustrations. Two new serial stories are begun in this number: "A Clearing of the Mist," by Frances Haswell and "The Edge of a Precipice," a Swiss adventure, by Bessie E. Duffelt. There are good short stories, and an excellent variety of miscellaneous articles. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the July number of "Lippincott's" is "Captain Close," by Captain Charles King. Louise Stockton begins a strong story, "A Mess of Pottage," to be concluded in the August issue. Other tales are "At Marrini's," "A Case of Hoodoo," Ellen Olney Kirk depicts "A Roman Nurse," Elizabeth Morris writes of "Mill Girls." Under the heading, "A Scattered Sect," H. V. Brown describes a queer organization which flourished not long ago in England, and called itself "The Army of the Lord." J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

"The Popular Science Monthly" presents a varied table of contents in its July number. Among the best articles are: "The Meaning of Corporations and Trusts," "Sunshine Through the Woods," "A Colonial Weather Service," "Studies of Childhood" and "Homes of Social Insects." In "Latitude and Vertebræ," Prof. David Starr Jordan presents a study in the evolution of fishes. "The Great Bluestone Industry" is described in an illustrated article by Henry B. Ingram. Other good reading is offered in "Kiln-Drying Hard Wood," "Acquired Facial Expression" and "Savagery and Survivals." There is a biographical sketch of Heinrich Hertz. The death of Prof. Billroth, of Vienna, is also noticed, and there are portraits of both men. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The current number of the "Eclectic Magazine" opens with an article by Leslie Stephen on "The Duties of Authors." Mme. Caillard's treatment of the always interesting theme "Personality as the Outcome of Evolution," is earnest, liberal and thoughtful. "The Study of Character," from the "Spectator;" "English and French Manners," "Life in a Russian Village" and "Dramatic Criticism" are all good articles. Others are: "The Essay Considered from an Artistic Standpoint," by Mr. Lacon Watson; "Discourse on Sequels," "Sunshine and Microbes," "Kossuth and the Hungarian War," "Horace Walpole" and "Lord Beaconfield." The fiction of the number is a dramatic study from the Russian, translated in "Blackwood's Magazine." Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth Street, New York.

"The Century" strikes into the summer season in the July number with the beginning of novelettes by Marion Crawford and Mrs. Burton Harrison. Mr. Crawford's story is entitled "Love in Idleness: A Fortnight at Bar Harbor." Mrs. Harrison's story, "A Bachelor Maid," with drawings by Wiles, opens in New York. A third novelette, Mr. John Fox, Jr.'s "Cumberland Vendetta" reaches its second part. The short stories of the number are "Her Mother's Success," by Viola Roseboro', with pictures by Sterner; "An Unexpected Legacy," by Alice Turner, and illustrated by W. L. Metcalf, relating the adventures of two old ladies who have come into a fortune and gone to Boston to spend it; and "Susanna," a sketch of old times on the eastern shore of Maryland, by Nannie A. Cox, with pictures by Castaigne. The Century Co., New York.

A PECULIAR instance of the hold which superstitious belief has on all classes of racing men, is furnished in the long lines of blind beggars who line the entrances to each of the big local race tracks. Many racing men hold that as a gilt-edged mascot the blind man has no peer on earth. Those among them who would not give a cent to save their own fathers from starvation cannot leave the blind beggar empty-handed.

MAN IS WHAT HE EATS.

"Man is what he eats," said Feuerbach, the German philosopher, or, as he expressed it in his native language, "Der mensch ist was er isst," a play of words which is not without its deep meaning. Man's food is never without influence on his temper, nor is the choice he makes in his meals without a certain reflection of his character, says a Boston paper. John the Baptist's eating locusts and wild honey was indicative of his mind and motives, as was Zoroaster's predilection for bread and water cresses of his ethics and doctrines. Plato was satisfied with honey, bread, vegetables and fruit. Mahomet preferred mutton and milk to all other dishes or drinks. Hannibal, the Carthagenian warrior, lived on olives, while the Roman General Sulla's favorite meats were wild ass, chickens drowned in Falernian wine, ostrich brain and snails.

Charles the Great was a lover of venison. Henry IV., of France, had a gluttonous appetite for oysters; Frederick the Great for polenta, a sort of Italian pudding; Emperor William I., of Germany, for lobsters and oysters. Napoleon I. was a passionate drinker of coffee, of which he took twenty to twenty-five cups daily.

Artists, poets and philosophers evince a larger variety in the choice of their meats and beverages. Goethe was very fond of champagne, Schiller of wine. Klopstock indulged in truffle pastry, smoked salmon and peat. Lessing's favorite dish was lentil soup, a predilection which he shared with Kant, while Leibnitz delighted in apple cake. Torquato Tasso was a lover of sweet things, and heaped his salad with sugar. So did Moses Mendelssohn, who mourned the impossibility of sweetening sugar.

Byron took only one meal daily, consisting principally of old Chester cheese, pickles, red cabbage, wine or liquors. He used to drink great quantities of tea. Bismarck, in his younger days, was very fond of hard-boiled eggs and cognac, which he preferred to "pretzel and beer," a beverage which he considers the chief cause of German pothouse politics and lack of resolute and harmonious action.

William II., the present emperor of Germany, loves his wine, and prefers the sparkling juice of the Rhine, which not infrequently loosens his tongue. Champagne he avoids, lest "it cause his heart to run away with his head," as he once remarked, but probably because it is too French for him.

THE swimming pool is among the attractive features of Mr. George Vanderbilt's estate at Bar Harbor. Trees from his magnificent country home in North Carolina have been transported to Bar Harbor, and a natural and beautiful screen of impenetrable foliage incloses the swimming pool. The bathing houses are picturesque. They all have a wigwam effect on the outside, but are daintily and completely appointed within.

THEY ROARED.—Mr. E. F. Knight relates in his book, "Where Three Empires Meet," that he took some Kaffirs from their desolate inland home in the Himalayan gorges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilized south.

They were descending a road when one of them chanced to remark that he was hungry, and the English "sahib" bought him some food at a wayside shop. The Kaffir saw the money change hands.

"How is this? Do you have to pay for food in this country?" he inquired in surprise.

"Certainly."

"What a country!" cried the man in amazement. Then, after pondering a while, he continued doubtfully: "Suppose a man had no money in this country, he might starve!"

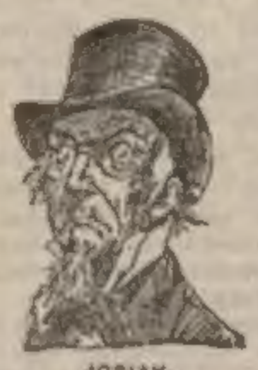
"It is quite possible."

The Kaffir shook with uncontrollable laughter. It was the best joke he had ever heard.

He then explained the ridiculous system to his companions, and they roared in chorus.

THE PEACH.—Peaches are a tonic, an aperient, a food and a drink combined; or, to put it briefly, they are meat and medicine. A good meal may be made on nut peaches, with sugar and cream, bread and butter. After a meal of this variety a person will feel more like attending to the duties of the afternoon than if he or she indulged in heavy foods. Peaches are good before breakfast and after dinner; they are good for the digestion, good for the blood and good for the complexion. Some people eat them without cream or sugar and with good results. The fruit is so rich in sugar and acid that it preserves its flavor a long while, but to get the full benefit it should be eaten as soon as it is cut. Redness of the nose, due to congestion, inflamed complexions, scrofulous and bilious tendencies are said to be materially influenced by a liberal consumption of this luscious fruit.

THERE are people born and bred in cities who continue to express all their wants and opinions in 300 words, and in many rural districts the knowledge of 150 to 200 words appears to be sufficient to carry a man "through the world." The more highly educated and cultivated the class of society, the greater the number of words used in ordinary conversation; but apart from those of a technical character, the knowledge of 300 or 400 words would enable any one to make himself understood in ordinary conversation among any class of society in any foreign tongue.



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There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

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THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

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TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

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Humorous.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

The Summer girl is getting
Her Summer things in shape,
So that no man her beauty
Can possibly escape.

And when she has them ready
An angel without wings—
The next thing she'll be getting
Her shape in Summer things.

—U. N. Noss.

A love-knot—"No."

The wise pickpocket takes things as they come.

A centre of gravity—The man who never smiles.

How to punish a hungry man—Drive a steak into him.

"Huh! hit's mighty funny dat de sun shines so much hotter in de cornfiel' den on de base ball groun's."

Why cannot two slender persons become great acquaintances?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Miss Spinster: "You will own up, Mr. Benedick, that women are often right?"

Mr. Benedick: "Certainly; but they are more often left."

He: "I've bought you a pet monkey to amuse you, darling."

She: "Oh, how kind of you! Now I shan't miss you when you are away."

"Dawson is awfully in love with himself."

"Well, it's natural that a man should reciprocate the affection of the only person who ever admired him."

Servant, to his master (a very young doctor, who is at a banquet): "Come home quickly, sir. There's a patient waiting for you. (Aside). I've locked the office door on him so that he can't escape."

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a lady to her servant.

"Because I didn't hear the bell."

"Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell, you must come and tell me so."

"Yes'm."

Little Benny: "Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute."

Mother: "I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall."

Benny: "Well, if she does fall she can't fall very far."

"Are you sure your sister don't like Mr. Finney?"

Little Tom: "Certain of it. Why, when he comes she's so mean she won't let him have a whole chair to himself; she just makes him take half of hers."

Adams: "How is Brown coming on?"

Bell: "Very poorly. He can't eat."

"What's the matter with him?"

"There's nothing the matter with him except lack of food. He is stopping at a fashionable country boarding-house."

Jailer: "What is the reason for asking me if the prison discipline cannot be relaxed in your case?"

Editor, in for libel: "Well, don't you see, I thought if you made things a bit more comfortable for me I might return the favor by giving the prison a puff."

Jones: "How is it, Johnny, that you are such an inveterate young enemy of mine? I have never done anything to you."

Johnny: "Yes, you have. Whenever you come to see Cora she puts the clock back. That makes me late for school the next day, and the teacher licks me."

Watts: "I tell you, old man, I saw the most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence to-day that could be imagined."

Potts: "What was it?"

Watts: "A bride and bridegroom started from the house across the street in which I live, and one of the horses attached to the carriage threw a shoe. Now what do you think of that?"

The Maiden: "Did you tell your mother of our engagement?"

The Youth: "I did."

The M.: "And didn't she say you were throwing yourself away? Come, tell the truth."

The Y.: "She did."

The M.: "That's just what mother said to me when I told her I was going to marry you."

First pretty darling: "What would you like to be if you were a man, dear?"

Second pretty darling: "I think I should like to be a parson."

First pretty darling: "A parson, dear? Oh, how dreadful!"

Second pretty darling: "Oh, but fancy being able to talk for half an hour at a time without any one contradicting you, and then getting paid for it!"

"I suppose," said the wild-eyed stranger with ferocious sarcasm, "you hang Anarchists in this town?"

"Not much," replied the quiet citizen. "When we have a mild case of anarchy in this town we put the victim in an insane hospital. If he has it badly we put him to work on the stone pile."

And the wild-eyed stranger with the bomb in his pocket went on to the next town.

HANDIER PERHAPS AFTER DINNER.—Not very long ago, at Aldershot, Eng., the officers of a certain distinguished regiment were to entertain a large party of guests at dinner. The day had been wet, and the ground was in consequence deep in mud.

Just before mess the sky cleared, and a small group of officers assembled outside the mess-house door to enjoy for a few moments the fine evening. They observed approaching them a hospital stretcher, carried by four stalwart privates of a well-known regiment.

One of the group of officers, thinking that possibly these men, being stranger to Aldershot, might be making a mistake as to the locality, shouted out—

"You are wrong, my men. This is the mess-house of the —— Regiment, not the hospital."

The bearers of the stretcher stolidly continued their advance, and to the great surprise of the group the occupant of the stretcher turned out to be, not an invalid, as they supposed, but a certain distinguished field officer of the Guards, who was expected as a guest.

This gentleman, who is well known to be most particular as to his personal appearance, fearing to soil his varnished boots, and not caring to take a cab for so short a distance, had improvised this new method of being conveyed out to dinner on a muddy day, without injury to his boots or expense to his pocket.

BECAUSE OF HIS TEETH.—A certain clergyman consented to take a Sunday's duties for a friend, but during the week previous to the services he happened, unfortunately, to injure the false teeth he was in the habit of wearing. The plate was despatched to the dentist's for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be duly returned by Sunday morning's post, but the dentist or the post failed in the discharge of duty.

With the assistance of the old clerk the parson managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be utterly absurd to attempt to preach. He therefore directed the clerk to "make some excuse for him, and dismiss the congregation."

But his feelings cannot be imagined, much less described, when, in the seclusion of the vestry, he overheard the clerk, in sonorous tones, thus deliver the excuse—

"Parson's very sorry, but it's his misfortune to be obligated to have a set of artful teeth. They busted last Wednesday, and he ain't got them back from London to-day, as he was promised. I've helped him, as you know, all I could through the service, but I can't do no more for him; 'tain't any use him going up into the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may just as well go home."

UPHOLDING DIGNITY.—The head cooks of the Princes Farnese and Este met one day in the fruit market at Rome in front of a fruiterer's stall, on which, very early for the season, a beautiful melon was offered for sale.

One of the cooks immediately offered five francs for it; the other promptly offered ten; alternate bids of twenty, thirty, forty, etc., followed in rapid succession, until at last the Prince Farnese's cook had the melon knocked down to him for two hundred francs.

The crowd of bystanders indulged in uproarious hilarity when the cook received his melon for everybody expected that he would be taken sharply to task by his master.

Quite the reverse, however, happened. Prince Farnese's cook, who had bought the melon was highly commended, and received a present into the bargain for keeping up his master's reputation; whilst on the other hand the Prince of Este soundly rated his cook and dismissed him for failing, by the practice of false economy, to uphold his master's dignity.

LITTLE GLADYS—"Grammy, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please." Fond Grandmother—"What am I to do that for, my pet?" Little Gladys—"'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

LOW RATES TO DENVER, COL.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Denver, Col. from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, July 19th, 20th and 21st, good for return on trains leaving Denver July 27th, August 2nd and 25th; tickets will also be sold to Denver August 8th, 9th and 10th, valid for return passage on trains leaving Denver August 19th, 25th and September 13th.

The rate from New York will be $47.75; Philadelphia, $47.75; Baltimore, $47.40; Washington, $47.40, and correspondingly low rates from all other points.

Passengers taking the B. & O. have a choice of routes, going via Pittsburgh, Akron and Chicago; via Grafton, Bellaire and Chicago, or via Parkersburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis; double daily service of express trains, with Pullman sleeping and dining cars on all routes.

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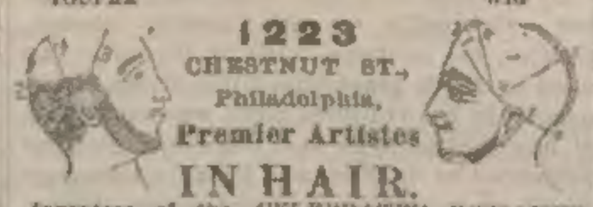

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

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Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars	w'k d's 8.35, a m, 4.00 p m	12.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m.	

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, 6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.32 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 5.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.20, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.20 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.20 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.40 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4 00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.35, 5.30 p m., Accom., 5.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.45, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Sundays, 9.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 8.15 a m, 5.00 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 5.20 p m.

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